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1881.



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Ransom, Pa. 8—9.

(Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.)

Fashionable Styles of Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE TOILETTE.

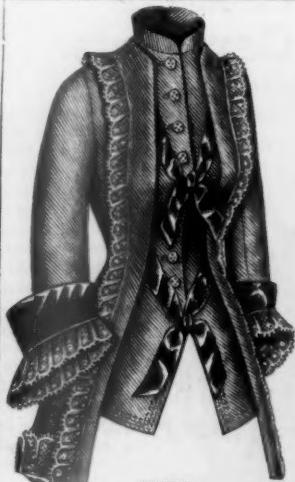
FIGURE No. 1.—(Consisting of costume model No. 7623.)—This costume is one of the prettiest issued this season. It is composed of plain and brocaded suiting, and introduces a moderate amount of shirring in a style just now very fashionable. The skirt is four-gored, but the gores are cut considerably wider at the top than they usually are, and are then Shirred to the proper size in a deep, yoke-like space, except just at the center of the front-gore, where the draperies cross. A stay, shaped like the top of a gore, is fastened under the shirring and thus confines it in its proper place. The draperies consist of two scarfs of brocade, whose upper ends overlap at the top of the skirt, after which they are drawn to the sides in the manner represented and plaited at the remaining ends, which are fastened along the side-back seams of the skirt. The shirring is thus prettily exposed, and the scarfs form a sort of border for it. The back-drapery consists of a single breadth draped at each side by downward-turning plaits and then fastened over the back-breadth along the side-seams as far down as the scarfs, below which its edges fall loosely. The tops of the breadth and the back-drapery are gathered, and the bust measure; and its price is 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE TOILETTE.

The latter has no shoulder seam, but is Shirred like a deep yoke to fit the figure below the neck. It has an under-arm seam at each side and a center-back seam, and the fronts close invisibly with hooks and loops. The sleeve is here of elbow length, but *in the model is long, with perforations to show where to cut it off.* It is finished with a fancy facing, a ruching of brocade and a frill of pretty lace. A belt of brocaded ribbon is about the waist and fastens at the left side in a large bow, with loops and short ends. The foot of the skirt is trimmed with a wide box-plaiting of the goods, stitched on through the middle under a ruching of the brocade. The back-drapery is plainly hemmed in this instance—a finish now very much in favor for dresses of all textures. One or two knife-plattings or pinked ruchings of the material may be substituted for the trimming here illustrated, if preferred.

Lawn, mull, organdy, barege, hunting or any thin fabric makes up exquisitely by this model, and any quantity of lace is permissible in its decorations. The pattern to the costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure;



7638
Front View.

LADIES' HOUSE.
No. 7638.—A pretty novelty in engravings. The material used in mere, trimmed with facings of Surah pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from make the basque for a lady of medium 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards



7638

Back View.

BASQUE.
house basques is pictured in these its construction is pale-blue cash-satin, lace frills and satin ties. The 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To um size, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of mate-48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7622

LADIES' POLONNAISE.

No. 7622.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require 8 yards of plain material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of brocade 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7641
Front View.

CHILD'S BOX-PLAITED COSTUME.

No. 7641.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. The costume, for a child of 3 years, requires 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7641
Back View.



7644
Front View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.
No. 7644.—Mixed suiting is the fabric so prettily made up in this model, with double rows of machine-stitching for the decoration. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



7624
Front View.

MISSES'
No. 7624.—This model is in 8 years of age. For a miss of 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any suitable variety $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches



7632

Front View.



7632

Back View.

CHILD'S PINAFORE.

No. 7632.—This model is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. Of goods 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be needed in making it for a child of 3 years. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



7624
Back View.

COSTUME.
sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years, the costume will require of material 22 inches wide, or wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7621

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 7621.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The costume, for a lady of medium size, will require 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7645
Back View.

LADIES' COAT BASQUE.

No. 7645.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the basque requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7645
Front View.

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7634

Front View.

7634

Back View.

7635

Front View.

7627

Front View.

7635

*Back View.***LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 7635.—This model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt as represented for a lady of medium size, will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

No. 7627.—This model is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and will be found a pretty and dressy design. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

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CAPITAL FUN.

Study suspended,
Practicing ended,
Banish the books, for our lessons are done;
Arms intertwining,
While sunbeams are shining,
We'll skip down the garden—"tis capital fun.

Hands that are steady,
Feet ever ready,
Step and time keeping as though we are one;

Over the meadows,
Now chasing the shadows—
Did I not tell you 'twas capital fun?

Round by the thicket,
In at the wicket,
Home again merrily after our run;
Rest will be pleasant,
But just for the present,
This skipping together is capital fun.

ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1881.

No. 8.



THE DRAGON-FLY.

The lion roared and the dragon
Came back to dream on the river.

Mrs. E. C..

THESE lines are quoted simply to show that this beautiful insect has been named by at least one great poet. And no wonder that it could be daintier than its delicate, lace-like wings, tipped with velvety sheen, of colors ranging from a glittering steel-blue to a deep black? What more bewildering than its swift, darting motion?

VOL. XLIX.—30.

What more fantastic than its lamp-like body and dazzling wings in repose?

Who first called it *dragon-fly*? Who fastened upon it the epithet of one of the most hideous of fabulous monsters? Such designation is altogether inappropriate, for it is beautiful, graceful, and, so far as we know, harmless. Yet the name clings—perpetually publishing to every one that from early times the poor insect has had a bad reputation.

In fact, few winged creatures have been the subjects of grosser superstitions. Who does not recall the terrible stories told us in our childhood,

(433)



CAPITAL FUN.

Study suspended,
Practicing ended,
Banish the books, for our lessons are done;
Arms intertwining,
While sunbeams are shining,
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VOL. XLIX.

AUGUST, 1881.

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THE DRAGON-FLY.

The lilies revived and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

MRS. BROWNING.

THESE lines are quoted simply to show that this beautiful insect has been noticed by at least one great poet. And no wonder! What could be daintier than its delicate, lace-like wings, tipped with velvety sheen, of colors ranging from a glittering steel-blue to a deep black? What more bewildering than its swift, darting motion?

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(433)

concerning the "bad-man's needle," or, as the less refined call it, the "Devil's darning-needle?" Many a poor child has been frightened into tears and sobs at sight of the flying-dragon.

Yes, we were gravely informed that if the "needle" caught us, it would sew our mouths up; if we told stories, it could find us anywhere, even in the dark, after we had gone to bed; if it followed us, it was a sure sign the Bad Man was after us. The writer has known numbers of quite big school-boys and school-girls, who firmly believed all this. Truly, the dark ages have extended almost to our own day.

In some localities, dragon-flies are known as "snake-feeders." The popular story regarding them is, that wherever they congregate, snakes abound. The insects are slaves to the serpents, and fly around and forage for them. When the "feeders" have secured their prey, they fly to the ground with it, and put it directly into the snake's mouth. They are held by a sort of enchantment, primarily to the serpents, secondarily to the serpents' master and theirs, whom the Bible calls "that Old Serpent, the Dragon."

Quite a fiendish chapter. Yet, looking at the beautiful winged creatures, darting hither and thither over the surface of a clear, silvery pond, or settling themselves gracefully among the reeds and ferns which fringe its banks, we see in them nothing whatever to justify the vulgar horror in which they are held. Like living masses of glittering jewels, they gleam among the vivid greens of the rush and arrowhead, and brilliant flowers of the caltha and iris.

Do dragon-flies love music? We know not. But why not adopt one fanciful idea as well as another? If the old story had it that they were controlled by the spirit of evil and ugliness, why should not the new relate that they are governed by the spirit of good and beauty? Why not adopt Mrs. Browning's idea, as embodied in the lines quoted at the heading of our dissertation? They are from her poem, "Pan." The sylvan god is represented as going to the bank of a stream, and cutting a reed out of which to make a flute. He hacked the poor, cut reed so noisily and cruelly, that he frightened the lilies into drooping, and the dragon-fly away. But when he *blew* into the reed, the divine breath of music,

"The lilies revived and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

The dragon-fly, then, we will say, loves beautiful sights and sweet sounds. He is wont to "dream" where lilies bloom, and grasses sway, and slender willows cast their shadows in the cool water; and where wavelets murmur, and cascades sing, and frogs chant their weird monotones—these last no less attractive than the other notes; for to the true, listening ear the voices of nature

are all melodious. The dragon-fly, like human creatures as well as lower ones when fulfilling the laws of their being, is controlled by the spirit of good and beauty.

Would that we could as easily replace other wrong ideas with right ones, as we can in the case of the exquisite subject of our discourse. Would that every child, on seeing the swift-winged insect, would exclaim, in perfect confidence, "It's not the bad-man's needle; the Good Man made it! I'm not afraid!" Would that his or her elders were reminded by it that a beautiful being often unjustly bears an ugly reputation, and so learn charity. Humble subjects often preach grand sermons.

H.

SUFFICIENCY.

"Only on the sad
Cold earth there are who say,
'It seemeth better to be great than glad.'"
"The Seraphim." MRS. BROWNING.

A ROUND their orbic centres
The worlds repeat their march;
Repeat their winding journeys
Along the azure arch.

But all the host is pressing,
One glory way unknown;
A vast unmeasured circling
The far, far Alcyone.

"He leadeth" more sublimely
His children, than his stars.
The order of whose movings
No inaccordance mars.

Each rounds his lesser orbits;
All, one transcendent trace;
The source and centre girding,
Of glory and of grace.

Yet who would ask the splendor
The Throne of Love bestows;
Who knoweth of the gladness
From Love enthroned flows.

Alas, sad souls of mortals,
Ye learn to say it late,
"The smile of Heaven exceedeth
Its glory how'er great."

Ye learn to say it slowly;
"No path so blessed is trod,
As that which lieth nearest
The tender heart of God."

HARRIETTE WOOD.

A NEIGHBORLY CHAT.

MRS. SMITH, after the old-time fashion of some country neighborhoods, had brought her work to Mrs. Worth's house, intending to spend the afternoon. Had she been in some houses, perhaps her conversation would have been gossipy—even slanderous—in its character; but Mrs. Worth, she knew, was not one to encourage anything of the kind; so, before she was aware, she was discussing with her hostess topics of a very different nature.

"Are you mending Laura's dress?" asked Mrs. Smith, in a tone of the deepest surprise.

"Yes—why not?" answered Mrs. Worth.

"Because she's twelve years old—quite big enough to do her own mending."

"Big enough, yes—but she haan't the time."

"Hasn't the time, indeed! Why, Mrs. Worth, I never saw your Laura doing anything."

"O Mrs. Smith, you must remember she goes to school."

"Goes to school! So do my girls. But there is plenty of time for mending out of school hours."

"Not so very much." Mrs. Worth spoke quite firmly. "She leaves home at eight o'clock in the morning, and does not get back until five in the afternoon. When could she sew?"

"An hour before supper, or two hours in the evening."

"Why, Mrs. Smith, you forget her lessons; they take up all the evening; and I certainly think she is entitled to her one hour before supper for rest and amusement, after her hard day's work."

"Well, I don't think so. I think, after I let my girls go off all day and enjoy themselves doing nothing, it's little enough for me to get some work out of them when they come home."

"I say it's cruel; children's constitutions are not made of iron!" Mrs. Worth was growing indignant.

"That's all very well to say; but are children any better now than they were forty years ago? Their mothers and grandmothers had to get up and do a half-day's work before they went to school."

"Perhaps—but perhaps if the children in the past had not been so shamefully over-worked, the children in the present might have inherited more strength than they have. The human system is not a machine, out of which must be tortured the greatest amount of labor of which it is capable; but it is the abode of an immortal life, to which all labor, however great or small, is the servant. My Laura is not a machine, she is an angel!" Mrs. Worth was so earnest that she actually more than half convinced her fault-finding neighbor.

"Maybe you're right," Mrs. Smith hesitatingly admitted, "but still I think mending for a girl twelve years old encourages her in idleness."

"Not at all," emphatically answered Mrs. Worth; "she has no chance to be idle. With her school, and her lessons, she has more on her mind than I, with my whole house and family. And if you will carefully question every mother, teacher and child in the neighborhood, I think you will be compelled to agree with me."

Mrs. Smith was at a loss for an answer, so she let her eyes wander aimlessly around her. Suddenly she caught sight of the basket piled with neatly ironed clothes.

"Six handkerchiefs marked L. Four pairs of stockings. Three sailor collars. All in the wash in one week." Mrs. Smith made a long pause between each comment. "Mrs. Worth, does Laura use all those in one week?"

"She does," quietly answered Laura's mother.

"But what extravagance!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "You indulge her too much. You'll make her too dainty. I think it does children good to keep them down a little. Why that's a clean handkerchief every day."

"Mrs. Smith, I do not consider myself extravagant," answered Mrs. Worth. "Laura wears no jewelry nor fancy dresses to school. But I feel that if I ever allow my child to be anything else than perfectly clean, I do her a moral wrong. The body cannot be dirty without tainting the soul. Laura needs—absolutely needs—just what you see. I will never forget the miseries I endured as a child by an insufficiency of these things. I had no mother."

As she spoke, the lady dropped a tear on her hand. Her visitor was touched, and felt rise within her something like admiration for the speaker.

"Well," she said, at length, "Laura ought to be very grateful to you."

"Grateful to me?" asked Mrs. Worth; "what for?"

"For all you do for her."

"For all I do for her? Why, Mrs. Smith, I only do my simple duty—hardly that, I sometimes think, when I consider the greatness of my responsibility. Grateful to me! Why, whose place but mine is it to give her a mother's care? Who else should do it? Why, so far from her feeling obliged to me for caring for her, I ought to be severely punished if I did not."

"Children are a great trouble," feebly began Mrs. Smith.

"Yes; but that's not their fault. They do not ask us to assume any such burden; it is voluntary on our part. They have nothing to do with their coming into a world of trouble—we everything. Is not this true? Have we any right to buy what we cannot pay for?"

The questioner was silenced for a time. Mrs. Worth had finished mending Laura's dress, and was now darning her gayly-striped hose.

"You're a queer woman," at last remarked the visitor. "Now suppose you had half a dozen children."

"But I haven't," replied Mrs. Worth.

"Now, just suppose you had," persisted Mrs. Smith. "I have eight. How could I mend for and look after so many, like you do for two? Could you?"

"I don't know," thoughtfully answered Mrs. Worth, "but I know this—no woman has any moral right to any more children than she can properly care for."

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Smith.

"It's as a true as gospel," firmly asserted Mrs. Worth. "The Lord never requires of any of us more than we can do."

"Well, I sometimes think He does," dolefully answered the other woman. "We see families of ten and twelve everywhere."

"So we do," assented Mrs. Worth, "but if we think very carefully we are compelled to believe that the Lord often bears the blame of humanity's blunders. If we deliberately put our hands into the fire and burn them, we have no right to say that the Lord burnt our hands, though He did make the law that fire consumes almost anything that it touches. God governs the universe by law—and we can, to a certain extent, put ourselves within or without the reach of any particular law. Can we not?"

"I see men as trees walking," unconsciously quoted Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Worth smiled gladly, thinking to herself that she had momentarily touched her neighbor's little-used intellect.

"Suppose, though," continued Mrs. Smith, falling back into her old strain, "Laura should grow up and bring discredit upon your training."

"Well," answered Mrs. Worth, a shade of tenderness mingled with anxiety crossing her fine features, "I cannot think she will; I have faith to believe she will not. But if she should, I cannot help it. I will faithfully strive to do my part; I believe that if every parent did so, not one child in a hundred would go astray. I must not think of anything but my own duty—*hers* is another matter. I dare not neglect mine simply because I am afraid she will hers. Two wrongs do not make a right. So, then, if I do have a bad child, I will at least have a clear conscience."

"Is there any use of educating her so much?" inquired Mrs. Smith, flying off on a tangent. "Do you expect her to teach?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Worth. "I hope not; teachers usually have such hard lives. But want her educated, simply because I believe it the duty of every parent to educate his or her child, and the right of every child to obtain an education."

"Suppose parents cannot afford it?"

"Then they must be very shiftless parents; in fact, such parents cannot afford to have children at all. No man has any right to marry who sees no prospect of supporting a family; do you think he has?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. But what is the use of an education, unless one earns a living by it?"

"Mrs. Smith, such a question should not be considered a moment—except, perhaps, in case of technical training. But it is just as much my duty to cultivate my child's mind as her muscles. The Lord gave her an intellect just as surely as He did a right arm. What would you think of me if I never permitted her to use that right arm? Do you see the analogy? Now, there are many cases in which control of our brains is of more use to us than control of our bodies."

"I see; I never thought of that before. But, Mrs. Worth, if you educate Laura so highly; if you keep her at school until she is eighteen, won't she become too fine for every-day work? Won't she despise plain housekeeping? Besides, when will she find time to learn it?"

"She won't despise every-day work, or anything useful, unless my home-training is in fault. In fact, the more learned she becomes, the more hope will I have of her; it is only the half-educated who put on such airs. As to time in which to learn—I don't worry about that. An intelligent person can always learn faster than a dull one. I venture to say that, in less than six months after she graduates, Laura will be an accomplished housekeeper. Next, I venture to see her mistress of some accomplishment by which she will always be able to earn a living."

"Have you no fear of her health? So many young girls have died, within the last few years, of over-study."

"Not a great deal. I think many of the deaths said to be from over-study, were, in reality, from other causes. I admit that every modern school or college for young ladies requires a great deal of hard work; but, then, instructors reasonably expect that when a girl is actually in pursuit of an education, she will make it her chief business. But here, you see a studious girl who supports herself by teaching out of school-hours; here, another who has too many home-cares on her shoulders; another, who is insufficiently clothed and fed; still another, who was already delicate in health when she entered upon her course of study. Now, these things should not be. In such a case, there is always somebody to blame—somebody's ignorance, or carelessness, or selfishness is at the bottom of the whole matter. Study, pure and simple, within reasonable limits, never killed anybody. Now, I intend to regulate Laura's clothes, food, rest, exercise, and everything, myself. I will use every care, and be guided by the light of

all possible science on the subject, and I will see if she does not graduate as strong and well as ever she was."

"Suppose she had no mother."

Mrs. Smith's tone had changed from caviling to one almost of reverence.

"Ah! that I must leave in the hands of the Lord. But while she has one, she shall never suffer the need of one."

When Mrs. Smith rose to go, she pressed her friend's hand fervently. With something like tears in her eyes and voice, she softly murmured: "Dear Mrs. Worth! I will never forget this day. You have made me another and, I hope, a better woman. You will have your reward, some day, whether in this world or the next. Good-bye!"

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE UNSEEN GUEST.

I WANDERED down the russet lane
And saw October's bonfires burn
Upon the hill-side slopes again,
Where maples stood among the fern.

What memories came to me of her
Whose tender smile so much we miss!
I felt my inmost being stir
As if my lips received her kiss.

She seemed beside me. I could feel
The loving eyes we hid away
Upon my face, as if the seal
Of death were lifted for a day,

And she came back to talk with me,
And so, that sweet October day
I walked with one I could not see,
Whose love is always round our way.

"Tell them," said she, "who knew me best,
When sometime as of old you meet,
Though dwelling on the hills of rest,
I still must claim my olden seat.

"Say to them that I shall be there,
Although unseen, to sit with them
And in their earnest talk to share."

* * * * * Her love was like the priceless gem,

Without a flaw. Dear friends, to-night
I feel her presence with us here.
The loving face is out of sight,
But ah! the loving heart is near!

Yes—though I touch but empty air
Where her dear hand I hoped to find,
To-night we have no empty chair—
Our eyes, but not our hearts, are blind.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

"A DINNER OF HERBS."

THIS is the story, pretty much as Lou tells it. Although not acquainted in the metropolis, I arranged for a few hours' stay there before making train connections and continuing my journey.

Leaving my lunch-basket in the waiting-room and starting out on a tour of inspection, I drew near an imposing structure from the innermost of which issued the voice of praise. I stopped to listen:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring."

So beat the pulse of this music, so did it reach out and speak to me.

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

I've a peculiar drawing toward open churches.

Standing there with a sense of loneliness upon me, a stranger in a strange city, I accepted the friendly door's invitation, and went in to be under the blessing that sweet old hymn is sure to bring down. Later I discovered that was what is styled an "All-day meeting," where, after brief intermissions, the services were expected to continue until about half-past nine or ten o'clock at night.

Toward the close of this hour's exercises, the pastor kindly suggested that, as nothing in the way of provision was furnished in the building, those living near should invite strangers home to lunch. Acting in obedience to this thoughtful hint, a sweet young lady approached me and, notwithstanding my protestations and explanations as to why and how it would be impossible for me to attend the afternoon service so engagingly urged me to accompany her, I found myself surrendering and going.

They were the breezes of her seventeenth or eighteenth spring-time that were trying to ripple her smoothly-banded hair, and she was simply dressed—this friend the genial March day had brought me. An alpaca skirt and undraped overskirt, a bonnet, spanned by a plain ribbon, and a cloth coat, all the self-same color, black, with a touch of white at throat and wrist, completed her costume.

There being nothing in her dress to attract attention, the gaze must perforce seek her face—everything was there. She was not beautiful. No. Although her eyes and hair were a tender brown and her complexion very fair, she was not even pretty. In fact, apart from their soul-loveliness, her features were positively homely. But with that God-blessed spirit's illumination, it was one of the dearest, sweetest, cutest, all-alivest little faces eye ever rested on. As for her manner and

conversation, both were beyond description. Such winged joy contrasting with a weighty sense of personal responsibility for the sins of the world, such alternations of babe-like simplicity and grandmotherly gravity I never saw before.

"I'm Effie Wilder," she said, as we walked together in the spring sunshine. "Call me Sister Effie. This is my home," pausing before a modest three-story brick in a by-street. "I live with my mother. She is a widow."

There was a sign on the window-shutter, "Machine-stitching done here;" but judging by the extreme cleanliness of the wooden steps, few took advantage of this—to me, always—pathetic announcement.

Inside this humble residence there was a parlor, bed-room and a tiny kitchen, all on the first floor. The heat from a cooking-stove in the latter warmed the chamber into which I was ushered and left alone for a few moments.

The dwelling was evidently a partnership concern, and the clatter of sewing-machines above stairs, together with Mrs. Wilder's prolonged absence, furnished indisputable proof that mother and daughter were not depending entirely on the scant patronage the modest sign brought them.

The room in which I was left after being introduced to Mrs. Wilder, who retired almost immediately, was furnished with exceeding plainness, yet there were refining touches which rendered it, in appearance, at least, almost elegant. Geraniums on the window-ledges reflected scarlet torches in the mirroring panes. A lily held twin marble chalices to the light. On a hanging shelf were:

"A few precious volumes,
The wealth of the mind."

A prisoned sunbeam, in shape of a canary, flashed in a glittering cage. There was also a few fine engravings and several photographs, some simply, one or two handsomely, framed. Beside these there was on the floor one of the prettiest rag-carpets, and on the bed one of the most charming pieces of mosaic, in the way of a patchwork quilt, I ever saw. The longer I looked, the more interested I became. These people had, evidently, seen better days, yet never a hint of it passed the lips of mother or daughter. There was no need. Their very atmosphere revealed their gentle birth.

"I always read a chapter and have prayer at noon," said Sister Effie, returning with her well-worn Bible in her hand, then, seating herself, began to read.

Sitting there with the sunshine weaving gold-threads into the brown of her hair and touches of light on her fair forehead, she formed one of the sweetest pictures my eyes ever rested on. In her guilelessness it never occurred to her to hesitate, to wonder what I, older, more settled, and a stranger, would think of her. Such rare, pure

souls made maiden-martyrs in the olden time I thought, as her dear young voice lingered over the Saviour's words, then lifted in prayer. What a prayer it was, too! Just like a little child asking her father for what she wanted, and sure she would get it. I felt as though both of us had crept into the "secret place of the Most High"—were abiding "under the shadow of the Almighty." This precious service over, she invited me into the kitchen, where our meal was spread. Under a sunny window stood a small table covered with the whitest of cloths, and set with china plates, cups like the half of an egg-shell and a silver butter-knife and dish. Articles brought by this sweet girl and her mother from that other life they had lived, and which had closed for them, I trust not forever.

The food served on these dainty dishes revealed the hard, stern outlines of their present lot as they looked it in the face. A loaf of wheat and Indian bread, dried peas boiled and a tiny pat of butter stranded in the middle of the silver dish. To have seen the countenance of that young girl though, you would have thought she presided over a banquet. I never saw a brighter face than that which, after a blessing was asked, turned toward mine, with: "We're poor, sister." As though, instead of being uncommon, confession of poverty was one of the most common things in the world. "We're poor, but if we have only a crust, we're willing to share it with a friend. We know the Lord will never let us lose by it. He's promised that our bread and water shall be sure." Then with the tea-pot poised over the dainty cups, she asked: "Sister, can you drink tea without milk or sugar? We haven't a bit in the house."

This was said in the most natural manner conceivable, as if these things were the exception, not the rule, and it didn't, in the least, signify.

Now I've a special weakness for sugar, to say nothing about milk or cream, but how dare I say so to this little one who had the meat the world knows not of? I answered her question, "could" I, in the affirmative, and found that decoction of herbs "sweeter than honey in the honey-comb."

"It doesn't matter much what Christians have to eat," said Effie, hovering over the small table and the tiny cups, bright and busy as a child at play. "We are feeding on the heavenly manna day by day. All we need earthly food for is to keep up our strength. We haven't much to-day, but if Christ makes one with us it will be like the loaves and fishes, more than enough."

"Yes," I answered, "He brings the bread of Heaven and feeds us till we want no more."

"Bless His name!" she whispered, softly.

The position I occupied enabled me to see something of the small kitchen and its neat appointments, as well as the geranium hedge along the window-sill in the adjoining room. Novel as

were my surroundings, Effie remained the central point of interest.

The March wind sent a thrill over the geranium leaves making the flame of their red torches quiver, the yellow tapers in the lilies' cups kindled in sunshine, dashes and flashes of light gleamed across the tins on the kitchen wall, the kettle hummed, the canary twittered in his gilded cage—it was all very pleasant—like a lovely painting—like a song sweetly sung; but the little sister was the volume full of rare, sweet thoughts, her theme the loftier psalm.

Up to this point in my history I rather prided myself on having met all sorts of eighteen-year-old girls. Here was one:

"New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years."

Seeing her preside so artlessly at that tiny table, accepting her homely fare, was like "playing house" with my nieces; then, when conversation turned upon graver themes I seemed to hear, through all her tender speech, the wail of the prophet Jeremiah: "Oh, that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep, day and night, for the slain of the daughters of my people." No selfish sorrow dimmed her bright, expressive face, no word of complaint passed her red young lips, still, even my stranger eyes perceived her bearing up under trials such as would have crushed a strong man, unless the Lord had been his help. This little maid, praising and rejoicing in poverty's inner dungeon; this dear child eating dry bread, drinking tea without sugar, eloquent even to her finger-tips with thankfulness, exemplified the promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." "Shall mount up with wings as eagles."

"I shall be a happier woman for this rest by the wayside," I said, at parting. "Yes, precious one, a happier, and, I trust, a better woman."

"Bless the Lord!" was her answer.

Then, then, with a swift, sharp pang, as I thought of the thorny path of the years before her pure young feet, I took her in my arms and lifted heart and voice in this fervent prayer: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord cause His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace!"

"Amen," she murmured, softly, reverently.

I may never meet her again in this world, but the love-savor sweetening my "dinner of herbs" shall go with me into the heavenly city, and shall remain with me when that dear child and I break bread in the mansions eternal "where they go out no more forever."

MADGE CARROL.

NO ONE can have failed to observe the power of a true life upon all with whom it comes in contact.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

IT is a fact beyond dispute, as any observing naturalist will affirm, that the closer the relation between animals and man, the more intelligent and docile will the animal become. Upon the farm there is every reason why animals, and especially horses, should be treated, not as "dumb beasts," but as intelligent creations of the same Being who made their master. The Arabs, who are the most successful horse-trainers in the world, appreciate the value of kindness, and by making their horses equals in one sense—dwelling with them in the same tent, bestowing upon them almost the same love and caresses as are bestowed upon their children, who are allowed the colts for playmates, the Arabian horse has become the most intelligent and easily controlled of its race. It is not enough to feed an animal and give it a comfortable bed; it has feelings as well as its master and can appreciate kindness. It must be uniform kindness, however; a pet to-day and a kick to-morrow amounting very nearly to continued abuse—at least, so far as the horse's temper is concerned. Many a horse has been injured, if not spoiled, by being placed in the care of a half-grown boy, whose only idea of driving, and showing his authority, seemed to be jerking at the reins and yelling. Unfeeling or impatient hired help, also, do much toward making ugly or "tricky" horses. An animal treated with unvarying kindness will soon learn to have confidence in its master, and is therefore more readily trained. In Belgium, horses are so well trained that they are guided almost wholly by word of mouth, the driver relying upon the intelligence of his horse rather than upon the bit. A Belgian plow-horse in an awkward situation will obey readily as many as five separate and distinct orders, the single check rein meanwhile remaining attached to the plow-handle, leaving the driver's hands free for the harder task of guiding the plow. This certainly illustrates the economy of having trained animals for farm work. There is much in finding out the peculiarities of a horse's disposition; he may have some whims that it will pay to occasionally indulge. Make him feel your friendship treating him firmly but with uniform kindness, showing that you are not only his master but friend, and he will return the kindness with interest.—*Chas. R. Dodge.*

IT is very surprising that praise should excite vanity; for, if what is said of us be true, it is no more than we knew before, and it cannot raise us in our own esteem; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection that we are admired only because we are not known, and that a closer inspection would bring forth censure instead of commendation.



ALONE WITH NATURE.

THE groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft or lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if I find
Acceptance in His ear.

Bryant's "Forest Hymn."

A FLEECE OF WOOL.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SUNSET over the Lincolnshire fens. If you have never seen those strange, wide-spreading fens, you can hardly imagine what they are like. Far as the eye can reach is the flat country; very few trees shadow the ground, and only here



"SEE HERE—WHERE IT'S MENDED."

and there is the monotony broken by a red brick farm-house, with its outlying buildings, or a small Fen church by the ditch-bordered wayside. But the sunset, if you see it from one of the wolds, is lovely, and the one that Phil Anderby watched one August evening was most beautiful. Over the great expanse of country was a strange glow caught from the glorious sunset that was burning away in the west.

Crimson and golden clouds in the wide, sea-like sky, were, in their beauty, what even Phil was charmed by, and stopped to notice.

For Phil—a boy of about fourteen, tall, lithe and handsome—was by no means of a romantic turn of mind, and the beauties of nature—for there is beauty to be found even in a Lincolnshire fen—but rarely had any powerful attraction

for him. He was leaning over the gate of his father's cottage, however, looking dreamily at the sunset.

"Eh! but, lad, what are you looking at?"

Phil started. I must tell you that Philemon was his real name, as so many of the country people keep, especially in Lincolnshire, to Bible names. Phil's eldest sister was Keziah, then came Hannah, and the youngest child was Job.

"Looking at the sunset, father."

"Well, then, you must not look at it any more, but come along with me. I ought to have been at the farm an hour ago, but the mother kept me talking."

"What do you want me for, father?"

"To help me put by the reapers, Phil—come along," said Mr Anderby.

"HE STRUCK ONE OF THE MATCHES."

Mr. Anderby was the only farm-laborer on Mr. Severby's farm, which was about five minutes' walk from the cottage.

"They walked on past the white windmill and the big stagnant pool, round which grew some ugly, wind-blown pollard willows, till they reached the farm buildings. Harvest was going on well,

and the reapers had been in use all day. One broken one needed to be put by, and Phil silently helped his father.

"Now, Phil, where is the key of the wool-house?"

"It's here, father," said Phil; and Mr. Anderby, taking it, unlocked a large barn, and Phil followed him into it.

"There's a fine lot of wool, father, isn't there?" said Phil. "What's that worth, eh, father?"

Half-way up to the ceiling were piled great bundles of exquisitely white wool. Mr. Severby was a large sheep farmer, and paid particular attention to the wool.

"Worth—nigh on five hundred pounds," said Mr. Anderby. "Why each of them fleeces is worth ten shillings apiece. It's all bought, and going off next week."

Then Mr. Anderby saw about the window, that being his purpose in coming, and then he and Phil went home.

"Phil," said Mr. Anderby, as they reached the cottage gate, "where is that rake little Job was asking for?"

"The rake, father," said Phil; "oh, I will look for it."

"Well, get it now, lad—I want it," said Mr. Anderby, looking sharply at his son.

"To-morrow will do, father, won't it?"

"No—now."

"Eh, Timothy, are you back again? Come in and just see the fine pie Kexiah has made!" called out Mrs. Anderby; and her husband went into the cottage.

"Well, that was luck!" thought Phil, as he ran off. "If father had waited, I should have had to get the rake, and he would have seen it was broken. Now I can go and mend it, and he will know nothing of it." The next morning, however, Mr. Anderby remembered the rake, and Phil had to get it.

"It's been broken," said Mr. Anderby.

"Has it, father?"

"See here—where it's mended," said Mr. Anderby. "O Phil, lad! why is it that you will always add to one wrong by another?"

Phil hung his head.

"I saw you break the rake yesterday. That was why I asked for it. Phil, lad, the truth's the best at all times."

"Well, but if I mended it, father?" said Phil.

"Then say so, lad; you said nothing about it," said Mr. Anderby. "Lad, there's something wrong in the way you look at things."

"I, father?"

"Yes," said Mr. Anderby, meditatively. He was an earnest, God-fearing man, and anxious that his children should walk in the steps of their Lord. He was a thoughtful man, and had no small knowledge of character.

Phil often made his heart very sore. The boy

was so bright and winning, and was really anxious to do right and keep God's commandments; but he had that great fault of striving to hide one wrong-doing by something very like deceit.

Father and son talked on for a little time, and then Phil promised his father that he would try in future, when he did wrong, boldly to confess it, and never to attempt to screen himself by a lie, or anything of the nature of one.

"For," as Mr. Anderby added, "there's many a lie of the life, Phil, and many a falsehood acted, though never a word pass the lips."

And for a few days Phil remembered his promise, and tried to follow old Herbert's advice—"Dare to be true."

Only a few days, however, for Phil relaxed his efforts, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"PHIL, said Mr. Anderby to his son one evening, soon after the conversation related in the last chapter, "Mr. Severby borrowed six shillings of me yesterday—he were in hurry to pay something, and he said I was to go this evening, and he'd give it to me. Now, I must go to Wenthurst to-night, so you go, lad, and make my respects and speak up civil-like."

"Can't Kexiah go, father?" asked Phil, who was in a lazy mood that evening.

"Kexiah's busy at the dolly," said Mrs. Anderby, coming in with a pile of clothes that had been drying out on the "wattle hedge" at the back. A dolly, I must inform my readers who are not acquainted with the term, is a washing-tub.

Phil had to go, and having received the money from Mr. Severby, he lingered on his way home by trying to get some water-plants that grew by the pool. He had some difficulty in reaching them, but he was a very ardent botanist, and determined to get a specimen of water *Persicaria* he saw a little way off. He succeeded, but as he leaned to reach it, the pocket of his coat caught in an outstretching branch and tore it. As it did so, the money fell out, and poor Phil heard it fall into the water with a splash. It was just in a deep part of the pool, and quite impossible to be reached. Phil's face flushed with annoyance, as he stood by the edge of the pool holding his specimen. What did he care now to have got the plant, as he had lost his father's money?

Six shillings! It was a large sum to Phil, and he knew his father would be annoyed. What was he to do? Go home and tell his father was what he knew was right. It was an accident, but one which might have been prevented had he given his jacket to his mother to mend, as she had desired him to do the evening before.

He was walking home disconsolately, when some evil thoughts suggested themselves. Why could

he not make up the money by stealing something and selling it? He did not call it stealing to himself—only *borrowing*; for the devil never likes calling a spade a spade; and the wicked plan he suggested to Phil, he disguised so as to seem quite innocent. Just to take one, only one fleece of Farmer Severby's wool, and sell it. He could make up the money later, and return it in some way or other. It was quite easy to do, as Mr. Anderby generally left the keys behind, they being left in his charge, and he would not be back from Wenthamp till the next morning. A mistake had been made about some machinery, and Mr. Severby had requested him to go to Wenthamp and see it rectified, Wenthamp being the nearest town.

Phil's conscience tried to make itself heard, but he hushed it, and in the night, when they were all gone to bed, he took the keys and walked over to the farm buildings. It was a daring thing to do, and Phil's heart beat high. It had a spice of adventure and excitement in it, which had a great charm for Phil.

It was a dark night, and no stars were out. Phil came to the buildings, and unlocking the wool-house, he found himself quite in the dark; and, an uneasy conscience making coward's of us all, he wished for a light.

He had brought some matches in his pocket, and, taking out the box, he struck one, although he distinctly remembered that no unprotected light was ever allowed in the wool-house.

Holding the match with one hand, he snatched a fleece of wool, and then, the match expiring, he threw it down, stamped on it, and ran hastily out, locking the door after him.

He then walked on to the village some six miles off, and in the early morning sold the fleece for ten shillings, and was at home by breakfast-time, no one having discovered his adventure.

"Been out early, eh, Phil!" said Mrs. Anderby, as she cut up the bacon for breakfast.

Phil nodded, and at that moment a neighbor came in with the news that Farmer Severby's wool-house had been burnt down during the night, and, as neither the barn nor wool was insured, that the loss was very heavy.

No words can describe Phil's feelings as he listened. He had no doubt on the subject that a spark from his match had been the cause. Of an impulsive nature, he made up his mind at once—to run away. And before nightfall Phil Anderby was many miles away from his old home in the Lincolnshire fens. He had left a note behind him stating why he had left, and that was all.

CHAPTER III.

FOR three years Phil's was a strange history. He wandered about, working, sometimes begging his way, thinking often of his dear old home, and longing, with a longing that nothing could

still, for a sight of his parents' faces and for little Job's prattle and his sisters' kindly voices.

But he dared not return. He was in fear; he hardly knew peace of any kind, and his life was most miserable. He dreaded that somehow he would be found out and punished; he feared death, for his conscience was ill at ease; he could not return home, and his life, he felt, was blighted. All by his own fault, his own wrong-doing.

He worked his passage out to Australia, and got some employment on a railroad near Sydney.

One day he saw a face he thought was familiar, and soon he himself was recognized by a young man who had known him in Lincolnshire—a nephew of Mr. Severby's.

"Well, Anderby, who would have thought of finding you here?"

"Eh, sir!" was all poor Phil could say. "Oh, sir, don't betray me."

"Betray you—stuff! Surely you know that all is forgiven and forgotten long ago."

"Forgiven—forgotten? Could it be true?" thought Phil; and he lifted his large eyes to the speaker's face.

"Yes."

Then the young man told him all about it. How Mr. Severby had forgiven all, and notwithstanding the great loss of his property, would not allow Mr. Anderby to attempt any restitution of what his son had done; and, hearing this, in time Phil was persuaded to return home.

It was some months after this, one lovely September evening, that the boy found himself, after all his wanderings, at home again. All was forgiven by his father and his master, and some work was given him.

But still Phil was not happy, and his face had ever on it a melancholy shade.

Good Farmer Severby one day noticed it to him, and Phil confessed that he was miserable. The good man spoke to him, and told him that all was forgiven.

"Eh, eh, sir! I know it's good of you; but it ain't that."

"Then what is it?" asked the farmer, standing at the wool-house door—the new wool-house that had been built on the site of the old one.

"I can't take it that God's forgiven me, sir," said Phil, in a low voice.

It was hard for him to speak, but still he knew he would be understood; for the farmer was a simple-minded, earnest Christian, who spoke to his people often of the things of God. How great his influence was can hardly be imagined.

"Have you told Him of it all, Phil?"

Phil bowed his head.

"Then, lad, why can't you have happiness? I've forgiven you, lad, long ago. I tried all I could to get at you to tell you so."

"I know, sir."

"Well, then—"

"It all seems to remain on, sir, as nothing could wipe it out."

"Come thee here," answered the farmer, and Phil silently followed him into the wool-house.

There, piled up, were the large fleeces of white wool.

Pointing to them, the old man said: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Go thee home. Tell thy sins to the Lord Jesus, and His blood, if thee asks it, will blot it away, and thy soul be white as a fleece of wool," said the old man, solemnly.

And Phil did so. He sought that forgiveness to none denied, and was restored to pardon and peace. He saw it was want of faith that had kept him back before, but now he clung to the promises which shall never fail.

A fleece of wool! Once he had sinned exceedingly for a fleece of wool. After many years he was brought back to peace and the Father's smile, trusting His dear Son to blot out his sins and change the crimson stains to the pure, unsullied whiteness of a fleece of wool.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND TENNYSON.

IN some reminiscences of Bayard Taylor published in the Chicago *Dial*, the writer gives the following interesting anecdote: "Taylor had a prodigious memory, and his acquaintance with poetry was astonishing. I could never quote a line but he could give the context. It was a peculiar pleasure to hear from his own lips poems of his long before their publication in the magazines. Of all his productions he had given most labor to his great lyrical drama, 'Deukalion.' Speaking of Taylor's reading his own poetry reminds me of an anecdote that he told me about Tennyson, whose style of reciting verse he imitated to my hearty delight. While he and his wife were visiting Tennyson some years ago at the Isle of Wight, in conversing about the laureate's poems, Taylor said that he could never read aloud the scene of the parting of Guinevere and Arthur in the Idyll of the King without breaking down. 'I can,' said Tennyson, confidently; 'let me show you.' And there in the sacred upper room of his house, before his wife and guests, he began: 'As he went on with his deep, sonorous voice, chanting like an old British bard, and was getting fairly into the pathetic part,' Taylor said, 'as I glanced around Mrs. Tennyson was in tears, my wife was vainly attempting to repress her emotion, a great lump came into my throat, my own eyes filled, Mr. Tennyson's voice was becoming more and more tremulous and husky, till finally he choked with feeling and broke down utterly. "I thought I could do it," was the only explanation of his failure.'

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CAMP.

"**M**ADAM, your husband has been injured by a premature explosion at the mines. I am on my way to Georgetown to procure a physician, and we thought, perhaps, it would be best to send for you, and if you desire it, I will call for you upon my return," said a messenger, one morning, as I stood in the doorway of our cabin on the mountain-side, looking down upon the vast scope of country, of which our location commanded a view.

"Is he seriously injured?" I asked, growing faint with apprehension.

"We cannot tell, ma'am; he hadn't spoken when I left; a piece of rock struck him on the breast, and there are a few bruises about his head; but if there are no internal injuries, he will probably be around again in a few days."

"How long will you be gone?" I asked.

"Not more than a couple of hours, if the doctor is at home," he replied.

The man rode away, and I waited for half an hour, growing more anxious and impatient at every moment. If the physician should happen to be away, it might be a longer time before the man returned, and meanwhile, my husband might die before I saw him. At length, unable to endure the suspense, I determined to go alone. The mines were about five miles distant, and reached by a bridle path, which wound around the mountain-side, in places along the sides of dangerous chasms, in others through belts of heavy woodland. I had been there once, and did not stop to question my ability to find the way, but saddling a mule that was picketed a short distance from the cabin, I undertook to ride him; but when I reached a little ravine about half a mile upon the way, with one of those fits of obstinacy for which these animals are noted, he refused to cross, and as often as I urged him up to it, he turned around and trotted the other way. At last I gave up in despair, and leaving him as I found him, I started to walk to the mines.

For awhile, I found the way easily enough, but there were so many paths branching off from the main track, that it soon became difficult to tell which was the right one. But prompted by my anxiety, I hurried on. I walked mile after mile, but after I felt certain that I had gone far enough to reach the mines, the objects around me had a strange and unfamiliar look, that convinced me that I had lost my way. There was no other course but to retrace my steps, but there were just as many paths branching in the opposite direction, and ere long I became hopelessly bewildered. There is a dreadful feeling of desolation in finding one's self all alone, in a wild, unsettled region like this, without knowing which way to turn, in order to find a human habitation. To add to my

distress, the wind, which, when I left the cabin, had only sighed in whispering zephyrs through the trees above my head, was momentarily increasing, and the tops of the tall pine-trees began to sway their branches threateningly. For a moment I paused and looked around me in helpless bewilderment. A low rumble of thunder warned me of an approaching storm, and thoroughly frightened, I hurried on, I knew not whither. At length I paused beside a towering rock, the broad front of which was seamed, and scared, and cleft by huge fissures, as if it had sustained internal injuries while shielding the mountain during some fierce battle of the elements. The thunder rolled in threatening peals along the sky, and knowing no other place of refuge, I stepped through an opening in the rock, and although I could see but a few feet from me, I knew that I stood within a sheltered room, where not even the maddened hurricane could harm me. I remained near the opening, looking out upon the scene before me.

I enjoy a storm; I like to watch the lightnings play, as it darts across the blackened sky, and listen to the deep tones of thunder as it echoes from hill to hill, or rolls in deafening peals throughout the valley. But this was too awfully grand. Peal on peal echoed and reverberated through the rocky recesses, as if it would penetrate to the very centre of the globe, and rouse up sleeping earthquakes to join in the tumultuous chorus. The lightning darted hither and thither, illuminating the cavern with brilliant flashes, while the tall trees swayed to and fro, rocked by the fierce wind that surged and roared among their branches. How terribly grand it was! And yet, how safe to be sheltered by the eternal hills. The lightning might dart its fiery tongues across the plain, the hurricane level the forest in its track, or floods sweep down and drown the valleys; but here was safety from all the warring of the elements.

For more than an hour the storm raged unceasingly, but at length the muttering thunders died away in the distance, the wind sank to musical whispers and the sun broke through the heavy clouds which had obscured it. I stepped from the place which had so safely sheltered me and looked around. It was long past noon. The thought of being overtaken by night and passing the hours of darkness amid the howlings of wild animals, which would begin their nocturnal noises as soon as the sun was fairly down, made me tremble with fear, and I struck into the path that led from the spot, and hurried on, but no familiar landmark greeted my sight. I saw an object in the distance, and a few moments later, an Indian woman came up, carrying a beaver which she had caught in a trap. I feared the Indians almost as much as the animals, but I asked her the way to the mines. The only answer which she deigned to give was an ungracious grunt, and she kept right on, without

taking any further notice of me. I knew that she would pass the night where she would, at least, be safe from savage animals, and reasoning that the Indians might possibly let me live, while the animals would be sure to devour me, I followed after her. She climbed steeped declivities and plunged down precipitous descents for nearly an hour, until she came to a little glade in which was an encampment of about fifty lodges.

A hundred children of all ages came running toward us, peering curiously at me and chattering like a thousand magpies. I followed the squaw closely, right into one of the lodges, where, seated upon a buffalo robe, was an old Indian woman whose seamed and wrinkled face was truly hideous to behold. They talked together a moment, and then the old woman got up and spread a robe upon the ground, and motioned me toward it. Trembling with fear and exhaustion, I sat down and watched the younger woman while she removed the skin from the animal which she had brought, and then threw the carcass into a kettle that was boiling over a fire in the centre of the lodge.

The unsavory odor of the soup was truly sickening, but when, after a couple of hours, the old woman brought me a wooden bowl containing a quantity of the broth and flesh of the beaver, for my life I dared not refuse, and I actually forced myself to swallow some of the meat, which, had it been cleanly cooked, would have been quite palatable. Perhaps the fact that I had been walking nearly all day, without tasting food since early morning, helped me; but I tried very hard to think of something else while I was eating.

Silence gradually settled over the encampment, and a huge fire kept the wild animals away while the dusky denizens of the forest slumbered.

Intense anxiety for my husband preyed upon my mind, as well as the strangeness of my position, and too excited to sleep, I lay awake far into the night, wondering what I should do when morning dawned. I heard the sound of English voices, and raising the corner of the robe, looked out. A couple of rough-looking men were sitting upon one side of the camp-fire, playing cards with the Indians. I cautiously drew back, preferring to take my chances with the dusky villagers to accepting such an escort to the camp. Toward morning, yielding to utter exhaustion, I sank into an uneasy slumber, broken by horrid visions in which I seemed about to be attacked by an army of beavers, led on by the old woman who gave the soup to me. Morning dawned at length, and the squaw, whom I had followed, kindled a fire and broiled some meat by holding it over the coals upon the end of a long stick. I ate some of this with more relish than I had done on the previous evening, and when the squaw took up her traps and started out, I followed her. She took no apparent notice of me, but walked rapidly on without speak-

ing, until she came to a small stream across which the beavers had constructed a dam. Here she sat her traps and then walked off in a direction opposite the one in which I supposed our cabin to be, but I had no choice but to follow. On she went for more than two hours, when a sudden turn in the path brought us in sight of our own dwelling. With a feeling of intense thankfulness and relief, I seized her blanket, and pointing to the cabin, made her understand that I wanted her to go there. She hesitated for a moment, but finally yielded, and I hurried on, anxious to learn if my husband had been brought home. I found him lying upon the bed with a bandaged head, but he was conscious, although severely injured. They had brought him to the cabin only a couple of hours before, and he had known nothing of my attempt to go to him, and a couple of the miners were about starting out to find me, not knowing that I had been away all night. In reply to his questions, I told him that I had started to go to the mines to see him.

"How imprudent," he said, and not until he had fully recovered his strength, did I venture to tell him of the night that I had passed in the Indian camp.

I gave the squaw a bright-colored shawl, which she threw over her shoulders, and surveyed herself in the mirror with all the pride of a city belle, after which she condescended to take dinner with me in return for the supper and breakfast which they had given me; but you may be sure that I never tried to go alone to the mines again.

ISADORE ROGERS.

"MR. CORPORAL."—It is related that during the American Revolution the corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty; and on this account the voice of the little-great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave, oh!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned round, with all the pomp of an emperor, and said: "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that!" and, taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." He then dismounted and lifted till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the corporal, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck. It was none other than Washington who thus addressed him.

A COTTON-WOOD CHRONICLE.

MY first acquaintance with the majestic old tree whose history I am about to relate, was one chill evening in April, ten years ago. There was fine, clear moonlight and a wind that made dismal attempts at gayety as it hied past pedestrians, flitted round a corner, and hurried away as if in pursuit of its own echoes. We had walked several blocks, not for the purpose of viewing this solitary tree, but the pleasant plot of ground on which it was situated.

"Shall you buy the place, Herbert?" I asked, as we paused a few moments near the entrance.

"It seems to be a desirable bit of property for the price," he replied, "but it looks somewhat bleak under the cold moonlight guarded by this huge, gaunt, sentinel-like tree."

"Oh, but think of its myriad leaves in summer; and, what an opera-house for the birds! Arias and cavatinas from such a height!"

And so the old tree came into our possession, and we have never regretted the purchase, except—during the autumn leaf-raking. Myriads of leaves indeed! Sometimes dropping slowly; one, two, three. Then a flutter of wind and they fall in crowds, and go waltzing over the lawn, performing games of prisoner's base after a fashion most insane.

"Garth," says the proprietor, "did you rake this lawn yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," says the obedient Garth.

"Must have forgotten some; quite a carpet there this morning."

"An', sir," says Garth, "those leaves must have a power o' multiplin' beyond all reckonin'. If I were to get up and clear the lawn in my dreams, there'd be a pile o' leaves there in the mornin' to make me believe that I had only been dreaming that I raked them."

The tree stands on the south edge of the lawn, and only the birds and stars know its height, but I know its circumference, having measured it only yesterday—nine feet and a half, forty inches from the base of the tree, and in diameter about the width of a common-sized door. One of its great roots, weary of damp and darkness, sought the sunshine above award full forty feet from the base of the tree. It is curious to conjecture from how great a depth its deepest roots draw sap for the nourishment of such sturdy growth.

It is not only an opera-house for the birds, but a most commodious tenement; robins and orioles have adorned it with their dainty architecture, and the songs, habits, coming and departure of these and other birds, were a theme sufficient for pages of comment. One day in autumn, a gray owl was discovered on one of the mid-way branches of the cotton-wood. An object of wonder to the children, and to older optics not indifferent to ornithology. An ambitious sophomore of the neigh-

hood, looked upon this wise bird with murderous intent. He grasped a shot-gun and aimed it with Pickwickian skill and accuracy. The bird of Minerva never so much as winked; but, slowly unfolding his gray-winged mantle, flew leisurely away, as if to say, "It is only your noise that annoys me; I have no nervousness in regard to shot-guns, especially when in the hands of Monsieur the Sophomore."

An American ivy—*ampelopsis quinquefolia*—clasps the old tree with the true grace of an ivy green, and in autumn vies with the crimson hues of sunset in color and beauty. Are they not beautiful—these ripened leaves with no hint or tint of death about them? Only maturity, rich and perfect even in the leaf of an ivy.

The cotton-wood—a species of poplar—is a most common-place member of the forest, but by right of age and incident, this particular tree seemed worthy of brief chronicle. Those who pass, seldom fail to comment on its venerable appearance. "Fine old tree! Dwarfs all the other trees in the neighborhood! Quite a monarch! What a beautiful ivy! Fit companion for such a tree."

A kite belonging to one of the boys of the household, lodged one day among the upper branches of "the giant." It hung in a manner most tantalizing to juvenile eyes. Swinging with every breeze, mockingly aloft. For three days the scene was haunted by a strange boy. An audacious, hungry-eyed urchin, who, thinking of the bit of silver that must come into his possession if the feat were once accomplished, seemed bent on releasing the kite at the imminent hazard of breaking his bones. He was forbidden to climb the tree, and would hasten away when thus admonished, only to return in a few hours, more eager than before. One serene Sabbath morning, the outlook was so quiet that this daring youth stole up the tree unnoticed by any one, until seen waving the kite from his dizzy perch. We thought of "Little Jack, the Captain's Son," and other incidents of like adventure, but none of them seemed to apply to the condition of this precocious boy. With sailor-like agility he began the descent, and it was a relief to see him again safe on *terra firma*. We expect to some time hear that, like Bobby Shafto, he has "ran away and gone to sea."

Not least remembered are the summer-night pictures of the old tree, with the bats and fire-flies flitting around and under it, and the moon peering between its branches, like a great silvery eye, searching for secrets of the night. And the winds! what a lullaby they whisper in the still, deep twilight. What a crash and fall of leaves and twigs under the sway of sudden tempest.

The old tree seems like a human being as we watch its moods and grace of growth; like ourselves, the subject of a great and changeless law, in purpose, wise, beneficent, holy. MRS. C. I. BAKER.

THE SEDGE WARBLER.

REV. MR. WOOD, in his "Illustrated Natural History," says of this little warbler: It arrives in England about the first of April, and immediately repairs to the low-lying spots where it can find that peculiar herbage that grows near water. Sedges, reeds, rushes and willows are its favorite resorts, and upon the branches of the last-mentioned tree this warbler may be observed on the rare occasions when it deigns to present itself in full view. In such localities, it conceals itself most effectually, and although it pours forth its pleasant song with great fluency, prefers to remain secluded in the thick foliage of its home. On one or two occasions, while sitting in a boat drawn among the reeds that are found in rivers, I have both seen and heard this interesting little creature, and noticed that it seldom shows itself within six or seven inches of the reed tops. The song of the sedge warbler is not powerful, but is very constantly uttered. It may be heard to the best advantage in the early morning and the dusk of the evening, and like that of the nightingale, is often prolonged far into the hours of darkness. The strain is quick, and has a peculiar gutteral sound that is quite indescribable in words. The structure of the nest and its position is extremely variable, according to the locality in which the bird dwells. Generally the nest is composed of moss and various fibres, the finest being always worked into the centre so as to form a warm bed for the young. The eggs are from four to six in number, and their color is a very light brown-yellow, dappled with a darker hue. The general color of this bird is brown of various shades above, pure white on the throat and buff on the breast and abdomen. Its total length is rather under five inches.

In an article on English birds, in *The Magazine of Art*, we find the following pleasant reference to this pretty little songster:

"One of the prettiest among these dear little English friends is the tiny sedge warbler, whose very name is full of that half-unconscious poetry which old English country folks have thrown into almost all the titles they give to our flowers, our song-birds and our butterflies. What can be prettier or more suggestive than such names as this, or as those of painted ladies, golden-rods, daisies and primroses? There is a simple, straightforward poetry about them all which harmonize well with the simple prettiness of English flowers and birds, just as these themselves harmonize with the quiet beauty of typical English scenery. Can we not all feel that the great tropical macaws and orchids would be out of place among the glens and combes of Sussex or the larch-thickets of Hampshire, just as they are quite in place among the all palms and broad-leaved evergreens of Brazil."

ian forests? There is in nature a certain sense that all the parts of its pictures are in keeping, which is what we need so sadly in our own decora-

tionist could hardly describe its tones; the minute adaptations of structure to mode of life are so delicate and subtle that they elude our coarse



tive attempts. What is it in the form and mien of this little sedge warbler that tells us at once so clearly its water-hunting habits? Even a skilled

power of analysis. Yet the moment we look at the shape of the neck, and wing, and tail, we feel instinctively that this is a water-side bird, not one

belonging to the dry woodlands or the open meadows. Perched upon some slender spray by the edge of a pond or brook, the sedge warbler may be seen, or still oftener heard, by those who cautiously approach the tall reed-beds in which it lurks. It is a quick little creature, dodging rapidly, from rush to rush, and then diving quickly out of sight, its presence being only revealed by its incessant chatter, which continues the whole day, and is often prolonged late into the night. To the hasty eye of a careless town-bred observer there are no particular points about the sedge warbler to distinguish it from any other haunters of our copses and brooks; but those who can look deeper and closer into nature can see in its sharp but trustful little eye, its prettily puritan plumage, the modest set of its head and the gentle grace with which it poises its light weight on a bending reed—a hundred little marks which separate it at once from many others of its more familiar congeners."

WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

"DON'T b'lieve in these temperance s'cieties," Deacon Giles would say with a shake of his head. "Hain't no kind o' fellerish fer 'em. In the fust place, ef a man hain't the moral courage to stop drinkin' when he's had enough, these temperance meetin's ain't goin' to help him none. No, sir. In the next place, the total abstinence doctrine's goin' to be the ruination of hundreds o' young men, fer the simple reason that ef they let liquor alone fer a spell, when they git to drinkin' ag'in—an' they'll do that when the s'cieties bust up, as they al'ays do—they'll drink all the harder than if they'd took a little reg'lar. That's the way o' makin' drunkards, stid o' savin' 'em. Why! I was al'ays brought up to drink a little when I felt's ef I wanted it, an' I ain't a drunkard! Most men hev a hankerin' fer liquor. Give 'em a little reg'lar, an' t'at hankerin' 's satisfied; but keep it from 'em a spell, an' see if the hankerin' don't git so strong that they go over the dam, when they get a chance. Ye see, a little, reg'lar, kinder keeps the appetite fer it 'thin reasonable bounds. I know. I'm speakin' from experience. Ef a man can have a drink whenever he feels's ef he wanted it, he hain't goin' to go to grogshops an' makin' a fool of himself by gittin' drunk. No, sir. Jest bring up a boy to be a man, and stand up fer himself. Don't git the idea into his head that 'tain't safe for him to tech a drop of anything stronger'n tea. Tell him he mustn't tech it, an' he'll hev it anyway. I tell my boys it's wrong to drink too much, an' I calc'late I've brot 'em up to know when to stop. There's John an' William. They're jest like me in their b'lief, an' you won't ketch them takin' more'n's good fer 'em. Charley's different; but I'm goin' to bring him up

as I did the other boys. I hain't no patience with the temperance folks that say a man can't drink mod'rare an' be safe. Hain't I?—an' if I can, can't other folks?"

Deacon Giles had heard this argument from his father and his grandfather. The fact that he had drank moderately all his life without becoming a drunkard, confirmed it to his mind.

"But all men cannot control their appetite for liquor as you can," Elder Sanders would reply, and it was with him that most of Deacon Giles's temperance arguments were held. "Your appetite for it may not be very strong, consequently it is easy for you to keep from excess. The man who has naturally a strong appetite for it is safe only as he lets it entirely alone; for such an appetite is almost always stronger than his will. I know this to be so. I have seen it in scores of cases. Keep him away from strong drink, and he finds it easy to lead a sober life. But give him a taste of it, and his self-control is gone. The gates of abstinence keep the current of his appetite in check, but the moment he lifts them, the flood bursts through and carries everything before it. The love of liquor is inherent in him, and it is only as temptation is kept out of his way that he is safe. If your boys had such appetites, would you feel justified in putting liquor before them?"

"Ef I kep' it from 'em, knowin' they had a hankerin' for it, I'd expect 'em to git drunk as soon as they got out o' my sight, and got where it was. It's on the same principle o' keepin' bread from a starvin' man, Elder Sanders. He'll be apt to eat too much when he gits a chance. I could al'ays stop when I wanted to, an' I b'lieve other folks can. I ain't willin' fer Charley to jine a temperance s'ciety; fer ef he can't keep sober 'thout givin' his oath, he can't arter he'd done so. I told him so last week. 'What good's yer oath goin' to do?' sez I. 'You jest stand on yer own footin' an' don't ye git the idea that you want proppin' up by other folks?'"

"Let me give you my idea of these temperance societies," said Elder Sanders. "The men and women composing them, band themselves together to help each other, to strengthen each other, by friendship and good influences; to elevate and refine, and seek to counteract, in this way, the bad influences of the street and saloon. Many a young man who has been addicted to drinking, finds his way into these societies. He feels the influence of earnest men and women thrown about him. He finds friendship. His sympathies are touched by the welcome he receives, and his better nature is roused. He learns that it is better to be a sober man, and associate with sober men, than to be a tippler, and find companionship with those who frequent the saloon. He is strengthened by all these influences to keep the pledge he gives to abstain from strong drink. In time, this self-

imposed abstinence becomes a habit. His miserable appetite is held in check, while his moral nature grows stronger, and self-control develops."

"Mebbe," answered Deacon Giles, in a way that showed he hadn't receded from his original position, and had no intention of doing so. "But 'twon't work well—this temperance fever. Lots on 'em backslide, and drink wuss'n ever, an' you can't git around it."

"I don't try to," answered Elder Sanders. "Some men are confirmed drunkards when taken into these societies, and it is impossible to reclaim them. At the first temptation they lose control of themselves. We have such men in the church, you know. There are such men in *all* societies. I do not claim that one, really confirmed, out of ten can be saved; but I do claim that young men can be prevented from becoming drunkards. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," Deacon."

"Wall, mebbe," answered Deacon Giles. "But I think the best way is fer everybody to stan' on his own footin'."

That was always the end of the deacon's argument. There he planted his stakes, and nothing moved him from his position.

There had been a Good Templar's lodge instituted in Woodville. Young men and women put their shoulders to the wheel with those of maturer years, and helped the good work along. But, as in all other places, there was plenty of opposition to contend against. And the worst form of opposition came from those who claimed to be temperance men, but who believed, like Deacon Giles, in a man's being able to drink or let it alone, and standing "on his own footin'."

Charley Giles desired to join this society. His father had refused to consent. He considered that the boy wanted to join simply because other boys did, and gave him credit for no deeper motive. Charley had answered not a word when his father gave his refusal, for he knew the stern old man too well to consider argument of any avail. No, meant no, and there was no more to be said. But he took his trouble to his mother.

"He won't let me join the temperance society," he said, laying his head down in her lap, in his boyish way. "He talks about 'standing alone,' and 'drinking just enough, and no more.' He don't know how strong my desire is for liquor, once in a while, when I see the other boys drinking. His appetite isn't so strong that he has any trouble to control it, and he thinks others can do as he does. If I could join the lodge, I do believe I could grow up a sober man. But he won't let me. The first drop I ever tasted he gave me, and I've had a craving for it ever since, that grows stronger all the while. I'm weak, mother. I can't stand alone, as he tells me to. If it wasn't for you,

I do believe I'd get drunk every time I had a chance to."

"My poor boy," she said, while her heart ached with an awful fear of what might be, "I'll ask him to let you join the lodge. If he won't, we'll be a little society of our own. I couldn't live and see my boy a drunkard."

"It won't be of any use," said Charley. "He's said 'no,' and he won't change his mind."

And Charley was right.

"I told him 'no,' because I want my boys to stand on their own footin'," her husband answered. "I hain't changed my opinion sence, an' I hain't likely to."

"I knew how it would be," Charley said, when his mother told him of his father's reiterated refusal. "For your sake I'll try hard to be a good boy, but it'll be hard work, and I'm afraid I'll give up."

"For your own sake and God's, as well as mine," she said, and kissed him, and behind the caress was an unspoken prayer that the angels must have heard.

Not a month after that, there was a new grave made upon the hill; and while the birds sang in the willows growing over other graves as merrily as if there was no such thing in the world as the great mystery of death, all that remained to earth of Charley's mother was laid under the sods.

Charley turned away from the grave when the last prayer was over, and went away alone across the meadow. No mother now! The shadow he had foreseen and dreaded so long had fallen, and he seemed alone in the world. No one had ever understood him, and comprehended his moods as she had done.

"The only friend I had," he said, throwing himself down among the bed of spice-pinks she had loved and tended. "O mother, mother!" and all the boy's soul was in that cry of bereavement.

A month after his mother's death, Charley Giles came home drunk. Deacon Giles was terribly angry. A son of his in such a condition! It was shameful!

"Don't talk to me in that way!" Charley cried, when on the following day his father began to upbraid him for his conduct. "I wanted to try and braid a sober boy, but you wouldn't let me. Mother's gone, and there's nothing to keep me from being a drunkard now. I'm not strong enough to fight down my craving for drink alone. You can't blame me so much, for you gave me the first drink; and I've heard you say, time and again, there was no harm in drinking a little. Only I can't stop with a little. The moment a drop passes my lips, I'm lost. I can't stop—I'm so weak, and the craving's so strong. I'm ruined, and I know it; and I can't help myself."

Deacon Giles answered not a word. He went out with a strangely altered face, and his eyes were full of trouble.

"I've been thinking the matter over," he said, one day, when Charley was just recovering from the effect of a long debauch—not an uncommon occurrence now—"that p'raps I was wrong in not lettin' you jine the lodge. I can't bear to see you goin' on in this way. You'd better try an' reform, an' mebbe jin'in' the lodge 'ud help ye."

"It's too late," answered Charley. "I haven't any control over myself. If I joined the Templars to-night, I'd break my pledge to-morrow if temptation came in my way. I'm lost, father."

Deacon Giles groped his way out of the room like one stricken with sudden blindness. At last he realized the fallacy of his arguments. All these years he had been fighting the truth with eyes that would not see and ears that would not hear.

Charley was taken sick in winter, and all through the dreary months and far into the spring he kept to the house. When the May winds blew, strength began to come back, and he was soon able to walk about the fields. One day he walked down the lane to the road. A young man was passing. He stopped when he saw Charley.

"Hallo! Out again, I see," he said, coming up to the bars. "Glad of it, old boy. I tell you what, we've had some gay times down to Blood's since you were sick. He's got the best saloon in town. He keeps number one liquors."

A hungry, yearning look came into Charley's eyes.

"I haven't tasted a drop since I was sick," he said. "They won't let me have any."

"I b'lieve 'twould do you good," said the other. "Here, I've got some. Take a good drink of it and see if it don't strengthen you."

Charley clutched the flask eagerly. He did not take it from his lips until he had drained it.

"You must be able to stand a good deal when you're well, if you can stand *that* now," said his friend, with a laugh. "It's Blood's best. Hurry up and get down to see us as soon as you can."

And he went on.

Deacon Giles found Charley in a drunken stupor, at the foot of the lane, when he came home. With trembling hands he lifted his boy into the wagon. When he stopped at the door his face was wet with tears.

"I found him down by the road," he said to his elder son. "Don't blame him too much, John. I'm the one that deserves it. I made an awful mistake, and I see it, now it's too late."

Charley came out of his stupor in delirium. It was torture to Deacon Giles to listen to his ravings.

"Father gave me my first drink," he would say, over and over. "He said I ought to get used to it, and now I can't stop. If mother'd lived she'd have helped me, maybe. Mother loved me,

Mother, mother! your Charley's sick, and wants you. Hold my head, mother, it aches so."

He died one day at sunset. Deacon Giles, no longer the stern old man he had been so long, but a broken-hearted one, brought in a cluster of the spice-pinks his wife had loved, and put them in the boy's hand. The flame of life was flickering into darkness, but the sweet scent of the flowers roused one lingering memory in the dying boy.

"So sweet, so sweet!" he said, faintly, holding them up to his face. "Mother loved them. She loved me, too."

Then the light flickered and went out.

Deacon Giles is a different man now. He is an active worker in the temperance field. No one who has heard him tell the story I have told you here will ever forget it. The sight of that old man, with tearful eyes and remorseful face, as he tells of the young life that ended so sorrowfully, and of his own mistake, is one to fasten itself in memory, and is a sermon that goes home to the heart. Out of suffering good is born, and God has made this sorrowful experience of Deacon Giles's instrumental in helping others to avoid the mistakes he made.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

DOING GOOD UNTO OTHERS.—To do good unto others is a duty which blends itself in all the concerns of life, from the performance of which no class is exempt, and which has an intimate bearing upon the good order and happiness of society. There is a mutual dependence upon each other among the various classes of society, like that of the members of the human body. The manufacturer depends upon the farmer and others for the sale of his fabrics and the means of his subsistence; the mechanic and the professional man have a like dependence upon other classes; and the farmer, though most independent, is greatly indebted to the other classes for his prosperity and the social enjoyments of civilized society. Each class flourishes best when all classes flourish most. Hence every individual acts wisely who endeavors to promote the prosperity of all.

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.—Says Lord Macaulay, "We are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke issues from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits and renewed corporeal vigor."

ARTEMUS WARD.

LITTLE did we think, years ago, when the gawky boy, Charlie Browne, was pointed out to us that his name and his fame would be world-wide. We were sitting at an editor's window looking out upon the busy thoroughfare. The tilting leaves of a fine tree—horse-chestnut—half hid the figure of the jolly showman as he walked with loose, shambling gait down the street, a satchel in one hand and a well-used, shabby-edged portfolio under his arm. He looked healthy and vigorous, and his ruddy face wore a smiling expression. He was at that time the local editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, on a salary of twelve dollars a week. Two years later his wages were increased to fifteen dollars a week. During his connection with that periodical he became a successful writer of humorous articles, and his reputation became national under the *nom de plume* of Artemus Ward.

Charles Farrer Browne was born in Waterford, Maine, a cozy little village secluded, or "nestling," as Artemus wrote, between a mountain and a lake. His father was a surveyor, storekeeper, selectman, town-clerk, and at one time a member of the legislature. His mother was Caroline, daughter of Mr. Calvin Farrer, who came from Vermont to Waterford in 1805. It will be seen that Artemus had good blood on both the paternal and maternal sides.

In this quiet nook in a secluded Maine village, did Charles pass the first fourteen years of his life, during which time he acquired such limited education as a rather idle, fun-loving boy could acquire in the common and high-schools of that day and place. Soon after his fourteenth year he was sent to learn the printing trade at Skowhegan, where he learned to set type and work the hand-press. Poor fellow. To the last of his days he held this place in detestation. At sixteen he found his way to Boston, where he obtained employment as a compositor in the office of the funniest periodical of that day, the *Carpet-Bag*, to which Mrs. Partington, Halpine and Saxe contributed. Perhaps it was this—the setting up in type, week after week, the funny sayings of these humorous contributors—that made the future Artemus Ward feel that he, too, could write in a vein that would make people laugh.

The conviction grew upon him, and one day he acted upon the device practiced by Benjamin Franklin and Charles Dickens, and he wrote "his piece" in a disguised hand and put it into the editor's post-office box. It succeeded, and was put into his hands soon after to be set in type. It was written after the style of Major Jack Downing, the humorous writer of that day, a man who was Browne's special admiration.

Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" captivated the

young compositor, and taking his hero, Bayard, for an example, he started off to the West, working his way along when he got out of money by stopping awhile and plying his trade. He said, "I don't know, maybe I'll make my way as far as China and set up a newspaper there in the teacheat tongue." But instead of China, it was at Tiffin, Ohio. Here he worked for four dollars a week as assistant editor. From there he went to Toledo, and worked in the office of the *Commercial* for five dollars a week. Here his talent as a humorist fully developed itself, and his spicy little paragraphs attracted a good deal of attention. The place of local editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* at twelve dollars a week—munificent for those times—tempted him from his position in Toledo.

Noted humorists, from Dickens down, have shown a fondness for those persons who make a living by amusing the public; for clowns with their drollery; comic elocutionists; showmen of all kinds; tumblers, circus riders, and the like, and Browne was no exception.

As local editor he had opportunities thrust upon him for acquaintance with this nomadic class. Their droll stories of how they managed; their strategy; their efforts "to raise the wind;" their quirks and cranks to amuse the crowds and attract vast assemblages, diverted the young editor immensely. He liked to study their habits, and rouse their enthusiasm, and draw forth their best stories. And so it came about, strangely enough, through these little links that the way opened before the poor boy, and he became a noted humorist and lecturer. Among the acquaintances he had formed was a droll old fellow—unknown, perhaps not numbering half a dozen friends in the world—a man in the show business by the name of Artemus Ward, though to the public he was known by a more pretentious title. The old fellow used to talk about his "snaix," and his "kangaroo," and his little stock of "wax figgers." While helping him get up his show-bills into good shape, and in a manner that would "take" with the promiscuous assemblage, Browne would be greatly entertained by the old man's narrations and the fine points he put in his printed bills. Little did young Browne dream then that he would turn all these amusing incidents to account; that they would pay well, and that his future hinged on these little things. But,

"The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And that some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge."

"The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These, are the main springs, after all."

One day in 1859, a sultry, dull day when the young local editor was almost desperate in vain search after a runaway, a fire, a good murder, a police report, a fashionable wedding, a frustrated elopement, a probable divorce suit; anything—anything of which to spin locals for his thin columns, he dashed upon a crumpled bit of paper, a letter from an imaginary showman, and signed it by the name of the jolly old go-easy who had been trying to "elevate" his "kangaroo," and his "snaix," and his wonderful "wax figgers." It took. It was like a fresh breeze from the bosom of a rippling lake. It raised a laugh that spread from Maine, rock-bound on the shore of the rugged Atlantic, away to the sunset slope and the golden sands of the Pacific, and it was re-echoed again and again. It was so droll and simple, and with-all, so natural, that Artemus Ward did never a better thing than when he roused the risibilities of the generous American men and women during that sultry summer in which the dog-star reigned so long and so persistently. Blessed be the man who can touch the spring in the human heart and make it send forth sweet laughter instead of bitter; who can rouse a ringing laugh at the expense of no one's sensitive "feelinks;" who hurts no man, and no man's friends!

We have not space to give the gist of the letter even, here; but copied as it was into hundreds of newspapers, it was by many believed to be the genuine production of a *bona-fide* showman perambulating over the country with his wonderful "snaix and wax figgers." After that, "Mister A. Ward" had no trouble about getting up a reputation that would bring him before the public as a favorite. Of course, his letters did not, very materially, increase his pay; he did not realize much more than an addition to his salary; but the "hit" made him called for as a lecturer. It gave increased circulation to the *Plain Dealer*, however, as such hits generally do. It is a pity, but no one is so shamefully plundered as the author of short, amusing articles which are so easily clipped and copied. In a little time the name is omitted, or instead, is a simple "ex." and the little article drifts away on the winds like a dead leaf borne hither and thither.

After a time, during which Artemus Ward wrote as a showman for the love and the fun of it, and quite recompensed by the jovial slap of hale fellows on the shoulder and the acceptance of cordially-given treats, he began to devise ways of turning his "talents" to account in a paying way. It was his one desire to raise funds to remove a debt that encumbered the old homestead. His mother was widowed, and his generous heart yearned to place her in comfortable circumstances for the balance of her declining years. He started out as a comic lecturer. The very first effort was a failure, for the evening was one of the stormiest

of that season, and by the time he paid expenses, he had sunk thirty-five or forty dollars. But he had the vim. He was not discouraged. He lectured one hundred nights and cleared nearly eight thousand dollars. The first thing he did was to secure the old homestead and make his mother securely comfortable for the residue of her life. This deed was characteristic of the man. He had a large heart and quick sympathy, and was ever ready to take the part of any one maligned or receiving injustice. His readers will remember the scoring his indignant pen gave Rufus Wilmot Griswold for his bitter attack on Poe. The chastisement was merited.

One of his most popular lectures was on Mormonism, the theme of which he gathered while tarrying awhile in Utah on his return home from California in 1863. His first book, called "*Artemus Ward; His Book*," was published in 1862. It is the only humorous volume that ever found marked favor among Englishmen. They all like it, and in many first-class libraries in England it is the only book of the kind.

A good many of the "boys" in Cleveland have very pleasant remembrances of Browne. His tricks, played on them, were never of the kind to provoke anger or anything worse in the way of retaliation, than the desire "to get even with him."

One time the weather was so unfavorable on the evening appointed for one of his lectures in a village of a few hundred inhabitants, that not more than a dozen or twenty gentlemen, with overcoats and umbrellas, ventured out. Artemus was not at all disappointed, however. He rather liked things out of the usual line. Stepping out in front of the platform he smiled and beckoned with one forefinger in a familiar way, saying only: "Come up here! Come up here, I say, my lads!"

The gentlemen hesitated. They did not know but the lecture was prefaced with this opening. Finally Artemus said: "There will be no lecture to-night. Come, boys, let's all go down to the hotel and visit! Let's get well acquainted;" and certainly they did become very well acquainted, for the gray mists of the morning's dawn were lifted up to the mountain crests before the delighted company shook hands and parted from their congenial friend. They laughed, and talked, and ate, and drank, and told stories, and listened to his side-splitting anecdotes, and the memory of that brief night will always remain green in their recollections of the showman and lecturer, Artemus Ward.

He was not handsome, although he was not ill-looking, especially to those who knew him best, and to men who were keen readers of character. He has been pronounced exceedingly homely by many persons. So was the face of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, called homely—particularly plain. To us it is really good, grand,

beautiful—a picture that we love to look upon, and we often wonder how any one could find words to call that fine head, those sad, mournful, expressive eyes and the clear-cut features, even plain.

Under the jovial, cheerful manner of Artemus Ward lay a vein of melancholy, a tinge of pathos. He had a fear of death. For hours, sometimes, his mind would brood on this subject, and he would be oppressed with unhappy thoughts. The subject of death was one of his favorite topics, however. He was free and careless with money. Unscrupulous, lazy men took frequent advantage of this weakness, and imposed upon him shamelessly.

In person he was tall, very thin and angular. His hands were beautiful as the hands of a cultured lady. His eyes were quick, bright, discerning. His voice was his charm, a sweet, soft voice—a kind, lovable, persuasive voice; full, when occasion required, of pleading and beautifully modulated.

He was known to be worth a considerable amount of money, besides a valuable watch and chain, two diamond rings and a diamond pin presented by some of his admirers. The watch was a gift presented by the whole-souled appreciative miners in the gold districts of California. It was solid gold, heavily adorned and gotten up by these generous men without stint in cost.

During the latter three or four years of his life, while engaged in lecturing abroad, he became very attentive to the condition of his apparel; almost over-nice sometimes. He kept a valet to attend to his personal wants and make-up. Men of his convivial nature are apt to use stimulants, and though Artemus was not a deep drinker, he partook sometimes rather freely. It was not uncommon for him after a lecture to invite a half dozen or more young fellows to his hotel, where he would order supper and they would spend half the night in telling stories and having a jolly time. To any man of his temperament, this fast life will prove fatal, for the waste of vitality is too great. He needed rest instead. His fine organism could not long endure this strain. He was imposed upon—those congenial fellows should have declined his well-meant kindness.

He died in March, 1867, aged thirty-three years, and was buried in Kensal Green, England. By his own request, his body was brought to his home and is interred beside his father, at Elm Cemetery, Waterford, Maine.

His mother lives at the old homestead, and visitors, calling, find the sweet-faced, genial old lady always ready, but modestly willing, to talk about "my Charles," and to tell what a good boy he was, and how thoughtful he was of his mother.

In his brief life, Charles Browne did good. The man who can make others laugh, and put them in good humor with themselves, and their friends, and the faults and foibles of the world, has not

lived in vain. His "goaka" were a pleasant medicine; his "figgers," unlike the figures of crafty and designing men who live selfish and unlovely lives, did not "foot up" to any one's sorrow, or loss, or disadvantage. Poor Artemus!

ROSELLA RICE.

STRANGE FORMS OF FUNGI.

A GENTLEMAN who recently had occasion to explore the chambers, drifts and caverns of the old deserted Ophir and Mexican Mines, says fungi of every imaginable kind have taken possession of the old levels. In these old mines, undisturbed for years, is found a fungus world in which are to be seen counterfeits of almost everything seen in our daylight world. Owing to the warmth of the old levels and to the presence in them of a certain amount of moisture, the timbers have been made to grow some curious crops. Some of the fungi in the old chambers are several feet in height, and being snow-white resemble sheeted ghosts. In places are what, at a little distance, appear to be white owls, and there are representations of goats with long beards, all as white as though carved in the purest marble. The rank fungus growth has almost closed some of the drifts. The fungi are of almost every imaginable variety of growth. Some kinds hang down from the timbers like great bunches of snow-white hair, and others are great, pulpy masses. These last generally rise from the rock forming the floor of the drifts and seem to have grown from something dropped or spilled on the ground at the time work was in progress in these mines years ago. These growths have, in several places, raised from the ground rocks weighing from ten to fifty, and even one hundred pounds. Some of the rocks have thus been lifted over three feet from the ground. In the higher levels, where the air is comparatively dry, the fungi are less massive in structure than below, and are much firmer in texture. Some resemble rams' horns as they grow in a spiral or twisted shape, while others, four or five feet in length and about the thickness of a broom-handle, hang from the cap timbers like so many snakes suspended by the tails. One kind, after sending out a stem of the thickness of a pencil to the length of a foot or two, appears to blossom; at least produces at the end a bulbous mass that has some resemblance to a flower. In all the infinite variety of these underground fungi, it is somewhat strange that not one was seen at all like those growing upon the surface in the light of day. Nothing in the nature of toadstools or mushrooms was found.

WHEN you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.

LESTER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BOND and daughters received Mrs. Lambert with a sort of straight-jacket civility, which extended through all their subsequent intercourse with her. There was no lack of politeness on their part, no fault in their treatment which she could have expressed in words, yet she was conscious of a feeling of restraint when in their presence which she could not explain. Lester was uniformly kind and considerate, but he seemed to be less at ease in their presence than in the sick-room with his wife and her mother. The reflection that he was regarded as having no especial rights in the house which he had always considered his home, made him feel an unbearable restraint, when he noticed the cool politeness with which they treated his guest; but Lelia, totally unconscious of all this, was daily gaining strength in the happiness of her mother's presence and her husband's constant tenderness. But Mrs. Lambert began to realize that she must soon return to her family at home, and as she looked around upon the prim, orderly rooms, so dismal and uninventing, where, it seemed to her, that even the canary sang by note, the tears would fill her eyes, and she would whisper to herself, "I cannot, *cannot* leave her to be cared for by those cold and unsympathizing women;" and then, they had a way of coming into the room and giving directions, as if Lelia were their own especial property, and subject to such restrictions as they saw fit to place upon her. Mrs. Lambert had been informed of Lester's intentions concerning a separate establishment, and the thought occurred to her, that if she could take Lelia home until the necessary arrangements were completed, all might yet be well. She had reason to believe that such a proposition would meet with stubborn opposition from Mrs. Bond and her daughters; but she was none the less determined to carry out her intentions. Accordingly, she held a consultation with the physician, and represented the perfect rest and freedom from care which the invalid might enjoy in the sunlight of her childhood's home, all of which the sympathetic and kind-hearted doctor readily indorsed; but he knew full well that such a proposal, coming from Lelia's mother, would meet with no approval from other sources, and he determined to assist the measure, which he felt to be a proper and beneficial arrangement for his patient. He called at Lester's office after leaving the house, and in answer to the husband's inquiries concerning the improvement in Lelia's condition, he said: "Mr. Bond, your wife's nervous system is badly impaired; she needs change; and in no way can you benefit her so much as to let her go home with her mother and remain for a few weeks among familiar scenes to which her heart still clings. She will return to

you refreshed and strengthened in mind and body."

"I will talk the matter over with her mother," said Lester, almost reluctantly.

"Do so, by all means," replied the physician; "she is a sensible woman, and I would advise you to trust to her judgment."

With the way already paved, Mrs. Lambert experienced no difficulty in convincing Lester of the wisdom of her plan; and with his consent and the doctor for an ally, she felt sufficiently sure of carrying out her intentions to warrant her in mentioning it to Lelia.

The invalid lay with the fair head resting comfortably upon the pillows, which were scarcely whiter than her face, but there was a half-dreamy, half-sad expression in the eyes, that had a wistful look, as if gazing upon some far-off scene visible to her alone.

"Of what are you thinking, dear?" asked her mother, coming to her side and passing her hand caressingly over the shining hair.

"Of the children at home. I remember so well how Harry looked, standing in the door when I went away, and calling after me not to stay long; I have seen him in my dreams a hundred times, and waked feeling as if I could not live another hour without him."

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Lambert, turning away to hide the tears that filled her eyes at thought of that terrible homesickness that must have preyed upon her heart. "How would you like to go home with me, and stay with us till you are well and strong again?" she asked, after waiting to gain control of her emotions.

There was an eager light in her luminous eyes and a sudden flush in the pale face, as she said: "*O mother; if I only could!*" but the light slowly faded out, and the flush died away, as she added: "But it cannot be; they will not let me go."

"Yes they will, my child; I would not be guilty of exciting hopes that were to be disappointed," replied Mrs. Lambert, taking both the wasted hands in her own. "I did not mention this matter to you until I had consulted both Lester and the physician. It will be left to you, and we will abide by your decision."

"O mother, can it really be that I may go and see them?" she asked, while the tears rolled down the pallid cheeks.

"It shall be no dream this time; but you must be calm; we will not talk any more now. Lie still and try to sleep that you may feel rested when Lester comes," said the mother; and with a happy, hopeful look upon the girlish face, the daughter closed her eyes obediently.

"I am going to take Lelia home with me to remain until her strength is fully recruited," said Mrs. Lambert, to Mrs. Bond, on the following day.

"Indeed, you will do no such thing!" said the lady, sharply. "Lester will not consent to any such arrangement."

"Oh, yes he will," returned Mrs. Lambert, pleasantly; "he has already consented; the physician advises it, and Lester is perfectly willing. He will miss her, of course; but he is not selfish enough to object, when the doctor thinks that she will be benefited by the change."

"Physicians are by no means infallible, and this looks to me like some meddling scheme of Dr. Allen's. He has already manifested a disposition to take too much responsibility upon himself without even a pretense of consulting us. I will talk this matter over with Lester myself, and see if he is going to take our family affairs entirely out of our hands!" said Mrs. Bond, angrily.

"I do not think that the physician was actuated by any such motive," replied Mrs. Lambert; "in fact, I can see no reason why he should be; but Lelia's nervous system has experienced a severe strain, and I shall consider it fortunate if she ever fully recovers with all the favorable circumstances with which we can surround her."

"How could she be more favorably situated than she is now? Not a shade of care or responsibility resting upon her, and everything done for her that human hands can do. What more can she reasonably ask?" inquired Mrs. Bond, in a tone of vexation.

"She has not asked this; she was not the first to mention it, and she heard not a word of the subject until it had been approved by both Lester and the physician. I am very thankful to you for all the care that you have given her, and for every act of kindness that she has ever received at your hands, as well as your hospitality to me during my stay under your roof; but I would not tax your kindness unnecessarily, and I cannot understand why you object to her going," replied Mrs. Lambert, quietly.

"I do not think it best," answered Mrs. Bond. "She has fully recovered from whatever feelings of homesickness she may have had when she first came, and become entirely reconciled to the separation from your family; and if she returns now, it will be all to do over again, which is a piece of folly which I am resolved not to tolerate."

Mrs. Lambert did not reply; but she kept repeating to herself, "*Entirely reconciled to the separation!*" How little they knew of the grief that has weighed upon the poor child's heart! Are they trying to wean her away from all the tender memories of the little ones at home? Would they have me go back alone, and tell them, in answer to their eager inquiries, that the sister, whose memory they have so loved and cherished, has forgotten them? Has even my coming interfered with the plan of crushing all her tender longings? My child, it shall not be; you may go back to the

old home-nest to be nursed to health and strength by the tenderness of those who love you!

Mrs. Lambert returned to Lelia, more than ever determined not to yield the point, while Mrs. Bond sought her daughters, quite as resolute in her decision to veto all such propositions.

"Girls, what folly do you think Lester contemplates now?" she asked, entering the room where they sat crocheting tidies for a charity fair.

"I haven't the least idea, although I must confess that I shall not be surprised at anything that he may happen to do," replied Louisa.

"He has acceded to a proposal of Mrs. Lambert's to take Lelia away with her, probably to remain until he is ready to begin housekeeping," said Mrs. Bond.

"And have all of our theories, which we have taken so much pains to teach her, scattered to the winds, and our brother's household managed after the manner of a strange family! It is as I feared; that woman can govern him as completely as if he were a little child, and he will not even suspect that he is governed!" said Cynthia, angrily.

"Lelia, herself, would have exerted strong influence over him if we had not so effectually nipped it in the bud," said Louisa.

"Very true; but I, for one, will yield nothing to that quiet, dove-eyed woman, who has seen fit to invade our domain," said Cynthia, determinedly.

"And yet, meek and unobtrusive as she appears, if I mistake not, there is energy, determination and strength of will under that mild exterior; there is something about her that reminds me of heroes who have won great battles. We would feel very insignificant if she should out-general us, after all," said Mrs. Bond, uneasily.

"There are three of us, and it is decided right here that Lelia shall not be removed from this house and exposed to that woman's influence. It would be a total overthrow of all the wholesome discipline which she has received, and we cannot afford it," said Cynthia, decisively.

"And we will adhere firmly to that decision," said Louisa, approvingly.

Having decided that Lelia was to remain, the trio fixed upon the plan by which it could be most easily accomplished. Lester must be convinced that his consent had been too hastily given, and persuaded to reconsider and finally to revoke his decision. Mrs. Bond, being the one who had most influence with him, was to be the first to mention the subject. It would be easy enough, were it not for Mrs. Lambert; but it should be accomplished at any rate.

"Lester," said Mrs. Bond, at the first fitting opportunity, "have you been thoughtless enough to consent to Mrs. Lambert's taking Lelia away, to remain until you are ready for house-keeping?"

"Thoughtless?" said Lester, inquiringly; "I

scarcely understand you; is there anything thoughtless in giving her an opportunity of recovering health and strength in the pleasant surroundings of her mother's home?"

"Lester," said Mrs. Bond, "time was when you saw fit to consult me upon matters connected with your affairs; but now it seems that I am left entirely out of your confidence. Several months ago, when Lelia wanted to go back to her former home, you asked my opinion and accepted my advice; now you make the arrangement without so much as mentioning the matter either to me or your sisters."

"Yes, mother, I accepted your advice, which was in strict accordance with my own selfish wishes; but there have been times, since then, in which I would have given half my earthly possessions to have been able to forget the look that crept over her face when I told her that she could not go. But I am surprised at the view you take of the matter, for I had supposed that such an arrangement would be a positive relief, especially to the girls," he answered.

"Lester," said his mother, reprovingly, "you speak very lightly of your sisters. Have they not done everything in their power during Lelia's illness?"

"Yes; much more than I had any right to ask, and I thought this arrangement would be a relief to them and a benefit to Lelia, and I am surprised at your disapproval," he replied.

"Lester," said Mrs. Bond, reproachfully, "you do your sisters great injustice. They are as unwilling to part with Lelia as I am."

"Then I must confess my utter inability to understand the moods of women," he answered. "At one time they gave me to understand that I had stepped beyond the boundaries of my true position in the house, and imposed extra trouble upon them in addition to what they had voluntarily assumed, by inviting my mother-in-law here; and I am not unconscious of the studied politeness with which they try to make my guest uncomfortable, in order to punish me for my presumption. But, no sooner do they learn that they are to be relieved of both her presence and the care of the invalid, than they object to the arrangement. Their conduct seems paradoxical, to say the least."

"You are unjust toward your sisters, Lester," said Mrs. Bond, sternly. "As an impartial judge between you, I must say that you make less allowance for their short-comings than they do for yours. You forget all their kindness to you during these weeks of anxiety and suspense, and allow your mind to dwell only upon a few thoughtless remarks which have given you offense. It seems to me that, taking everything into consideration, you might at least afford to be charitable."

"I did not mean to be unjust, mother, nor ungrateful," he said, with a troubled look that

touched the mother's heart: for selfish as she was where others were concerned, she was not unfeeling toward him. "If I have said ought to wound the feelings of either of my sisters, I will hasten to apologize. I have been sorely perplexed and troubled, and oppressed with a sense of humiliation very hard to bear; but I had no intention of doing wrong, I assure you, mother."

Matters had taken a different turn from her expectations, and although Mrs. Bond felt that she had accomplished but little toward the object of the interview, she thought best to leave the subject for Cynthia to renew, and she replied, soothingly, "You will understand the motives of your mother and sisters better by and by, my son; but you can rest assured that it is only your welfare that we have at heart. You cannot be ignorant of the fact that Lelia is a more competent and accomplished person than when she came here; and it is to our teachings that this is due. Perhaps the recollection of this will enable you to regard their failings with more leniency, and to remember that none are perfect."

She returned to the room where her daughters were awaiting her coming.

"You have made a mistake, girls, in placing Lester under obligations which he cannot repay, and then reminding him of it. He really thought that you would be glad to be rid of both Lelia and her mother. Your excessive politeness and cool civility may have hastened Mrs. Lambert's departure, but it has not strengthened your influence with Lester."

"I studied to make him so ill at ease during her stay, that he would not be guilty of a similar offense," replied Cynthia.

"And what is the result?" asked Louisa. "He has bought a house of his own. He will send Lelia back, to return to her mother's ways of house-keeping, and have a home to which they may invite the whole tribe of her relations, without even giving us a chance to be coldly polite; and there will not be a trace of the ways of the Bond family in the management of our brother's household."

"I told you that she should not go, and I meant what I said," replied Cynthia, angrily. "My will is equal to Mrs. Lambert and her entire force, Dr. Allen not excepted."

"You generally accomplish whatever you undertake; but you must have ways and means, or your management will be of little avail," answered Louisa.

"I will find both the way and the means," replied the older sister, ungraciously.

Lester had returned to Lelia's side, and as he entered the room she looked up with a glad light in her eyes, saying: "I am growing so strong since I know that I am going home with mother, where I shall see the children once more; and when you come, I shall be as well as ever; but,"

she added with a troubled look, "it seems too good to be true; and I grow fearful lest some unforeseen event should disappoint me."

"Do not trouble yourself with imaginary disappointments, dear; life has quite enough of real ones," he answered, thinking of the strange freak which his mother and sisters had taken concerning her visit.

"I have dreamed of home so many times, that I cannot feel that it is really true," she said, slowly.

"Not even when your husband's word is given?" asked Mrs. Lambert, playfully.

"My faith in him is all the hope I have," she said, raising her eyes to her face trustingly.

"Then you may rest content," said the mother, "for I am sure your confidence is not misplaced."

"Do not perplex yourself with needless fancies, but get well and strong as fast as possible," he said, "and everything shall be arranged in accordance with your own wishes. If you remain here, it will be your own voluntary act."

The manner of the sisters toward Mrs. Lambert suddenly changed, and even Mrs. Bond became less frigid in her demeanor, and everything in their power was done to put Lester in a favorable humor toward them; and when Cynthia considered the way sufficiently paved, she introduced the subject of Lelia's intended visit.

"Lester," she said, "I feel hurt and humiliated that you should have taken offense at my hasty words when you first mentioned Mrs. Lambert's coming. Could you not see that I was tired and worn, possibly nervous and irritable from the anxious nights which we had all passed; and, with my hasty temper, is it any wonder that I was betrayed into making a thoughtless remark?"

"I see no reason to recall it," he replied; "no doubt you were right; indeed, there was truth in every word; and perhaps owing to the fact that I was worn and anxious myself, I was overly sensitive. But let us think no more about it. I am grateful for your many kindnesses, and conscious of having received more than I had any right to ask; but I was rendered helpless by Lelia's illness, the last traces of which I hope will disappear before the influence of the balmy air of her native village."

"Lester," said Cynthia, with an injured air, "you are removing Lelia in order to resent my thoughtlessness by accepting nothing farther at my hands. Are you doing right? Are you treating me with the forbearance which your sister has a right to expect?"

"I am surprised that you should regard the matter in this light. It was for Lelia's benefit alone that I consented to this arrangement, at the physician's suggestion; but I certainly thought it would be approved of by all concerned."

"But now that you find that we are not only

willing but anxious to continue caring for her as long as her health requires it, you will reconsider your decision, will you not?"

"I would be very unwilling to disappoint her," he replied; "the anticipation of seeing her brothers and sister, to whom she is so devotedly attached, is rapidly bringing back her strength, and I would not like to risk the consequences of a disappointment."

"Wait until she is stronger; then she will listen to reason, and you can persuade her to abandon it on the very eve of her departure."

"But why should I interfere with her pleasure in such a manner?" he asked.

"Your mother and sisters disapprove of her going; and after all that we have done by way of teaching her, during the last year, you certainly ought to show some respect for our opinions," said Cynthia, with more of her natural, dictating manner than she had hitherto assumed.

"I cannot understand the necessity of disappointing my wife, to show my respect for my mother and sisters," he said with a slight expression of impatience.

"If you bear no malice toward me, you will prove it by allowing Lelia to remain where she is, and be cared for by us, as she has done for the last year," said Cynthia, firmly.

"I cannot understand your reasons for opposing her wishes in this matter," said Lester, with a look of perplexity.

"If you were fully convinced that Lelia's welfare demanded that this journey should not be undertaken, you would revoke your decision, would you not?" asked Cynthia, persuasively.

"Why, certainly, if I thought she would be injured rather than benefited by the change, I would try to persuade her to remain," he replied; "but since both her mother and the physician recommend it, I could produce no reason for such a conclusion."

"Your own mother is a person of more experience than Mrs. Lambert; and the fact that she disapproves of such a step, should have some weight with you. We will miss her sadly; the house will seem deserted; to you, of all others, will it be lonely; it will really seem as if she had gone forever; and if harm should come from it, how could you ever be reconciled?"

CHAPTER VI.

CYNTHIA had at last struck the key-note to Lester's feelings. Visions of the cheerless rooms, which her presence had helped to brighten, and thoughts of the lonely hours that he should pass within its gloomy walls, rose before him, and he secretly wished that her going had never been mentioned.

"I did not suppose that you would miss her so

much. It would have been more like Louisa to say that," he said, at length; and, warned by her brother's remark, Cynthia wisely left the subject for her sister to renew, knowing that any especial manifestation of affection for Lelia, or any one else, would be so foreign to her character, that she could scarcely hope to make it effectual.

"I have set him to thinking at last," she said, triumphantly, as she entered the room where her mother and sister were sitting; "but it provokes me to think that he would not relent for our sakes; but when I represented to him that it was all for her, he began to consider; and now, Louisa, if you can do your part as skillfully as I have done mine, the matter will be settled."

"Perhaps I can persuade him to postpone the journey until later in the season; and if Mrs. Lambert once goes home without her, Lelia's trip will be postponed indefinitely."

"Mrs. Bond, if you will tell me where to find some more worsteds, I will finish the tidy that I began for you yesterday."

The women exchanged startled glances, as they beheld Mrs. Lambert standing in the doorway. It was impossible to tell how much of their conversation she had overheard, or whether she even understood a word, for her manner betrayed nothing; and after receiving an assortment of bright-colored yarns from Mrs. Bond, she returned to Lelia's room.

"She could not have been there long," said Cynthia, "for the room was vacant when I came through."

"No, it is evident enough that she did not come for the purpose of eaves-dropping," said Mrs. Bond, "for she made known her errand too soon for that."

"I wish I knew just what she did hear," said Cynthia, uneasily; "if we outwit her at all, we must not let her suspect us."

"You came through very quickly; are you positively certain that there was no one in that room when you entered this?" asked Mrs. Bond.

"I think I am, although I did not look around," answered Cynthia, doubtfully.

"Well, it will only make our work a little more difficult; but I am really sorry that it happened," said Louisa.

"I have discovered that Lester's weakness is our strength, for he really cannot bear to think of having Lelia away for a single week," said Cynthia; "and if there is anything that will counteract that woman's influence, it will be by working upon his own selfish feelings."

And so, day after day, they argued and persuaded, until Lester concluded to ask the physician's advice concerning the postponement of the journey; for, with the influence of his mother and sisters, added to his own inclination, upon one side, and with only the unselfish phase of his love

for her upon the other, there was no doubt which way the scale would turn if there were no counteracting influences.

The physician regarded him sternly for a moment, after listening to his proposal; then said: "Mr. Bond, if you disappoint your wife in what she has so set her heart upon, you will make her a sad, despondent woman, whose every look will be a reproach to your selfishness; but indulge her in this, and she will return with a freshness of look and a buoyancy of spirit that will at once astonish and reward you." And Lester returned to hear Dr. Allen denounced as a meddling old hypocrite.

Mrs. Bond finally suggested to Lelia the propriety of waiting until later in the season, when Lester might so arrange his business as to be at liberty to accompany her.

"It would be very pleasant to have him with me; but I have fully decided to go with mother," Lelia answered, quietly.

The idea that she should have the assurance even to insinuate that she had a right to decide for herself, filled Mrs. Bond with wrath; the more so, as it was not at all like the meek submission with which Lelia had received suggestions previous to Mrs. Lambert's coming; and it put an end to all manoeuvring in that direction; but it was no relief to Lester.

It was June upon the verdant prairie, and perfumed breezes were blowing over the grassy plain, which was clothed in the emerald hue that it wears in spring and early summer, but changes to a darker shade as the season advances, and the flowers grow more brilliant and gorgeous to correspond with the richer color of the prairie. But now the emerald green was reaching everywhere, and the bright June roses and starry-eyed violets were beautifying the hills, and spangling the plains, endowing Nature's robe with a loveliness which can never be appreciated without being seen.

The river glided swiftly through its willow-fringed and flower-bordered banks, crossing the plain and winding among the hills that lay beyond the village in which was Lelia's former home.

Out beyond the clamor of the busy thoroughfares, in the quiet suburbs, with just glimpses enough of the active world outside to give life and spirit to the scene, stood a neat and pretty cottage. The yard was shaded by thrifty trees, the paths bordered by early flowers, and the entire scene so inviting, so suggestive of refreshing coolness, that one could scarcely resist the temptation to walk beneath the shadowy trees, and enjoy its quiet restfulness.

A little girl, with sunny hair, and wistful eyes of darkest blue, stood leaning over the gate, and talking alternately with the manly-looking brother

who stood near her, and the little five-year-old boy, who sat perched upon the post, with little hands clinging cunningly fast, while his earnest eyes gazed anxiously down the street, or rested inquiringly upon the faces of his companions.

"Hark! is that the train?"

The three children listened, with intense eagerness, to the low rumble, which every moment grew louder, until the whistle of the engine sounded at the station half a mile away.

"Will she *surely* come, Nellie?" asked the little one, turning his wistful gaze upon his sister's face.

"I think so; don't you, Willie?" she replied, turning to her elder brother for a confirmation of her own hopes.

"Of course she will!" he answered, with a boy's assurance. "Didn't mother write, 'I am going home on the tenth of June, and Lelia will be with me?' Do you think she would have written it, if it had not been true?"

"No," replied the girl, slowly; "but something might have happened, you know."

"I don't believe that mother would let anything happen to keep her away, when she knows how badly we want to see her," said the boy, confidently.

"It seems so long since the train stopped. Let us look through the rooms once more, to be sure that everything is as she will like to see it, and to help pass away the time till they come," said the girl; and away they all ran through the cool and pleasant rooms, where every available nook was filled with bright June roses and other prairie flowers, with which they had decked the cottage in honor of their sister's coming. Satisfied with their observations, they returned to the gate to renew their watching.

A carriage was coming from the direction of the station; and, after a few moments of anxious gazing, the girl exclaimed: "She did come! *O Harry, she did come!*"

A moment later, Lelia stepped from the carriage; and after almost smothering her with caresses, the children led her up the graveled path, into the flower-decorated room, where the easy chair had already been placed for her reception; and the little brother climbed upon her lap, and clasping his arms around her neck, nestled his curly head upon her shoulder in loving contentment.

"You will tire your sister," said Mrs. Lambert, smiling at the picture they made in their mutual content; "she is not strong enough to hold such a great boy as you have grown to be." But the little fellow only tightened his clasp, as if determined to remain near her.

"O mother, let him be for a little while, at least; it gives me strength to be with them again, and to see this blessed home once more," said

Lelia, while the happy tears filled her eyes, and she pressed the little form closer to her.

Ere long, an expressman drove up with their baggage; and fearing that Lelia's strength might be taxed too severely, the mother coaxed the child to resign his position to examine the contents of a mysterious-looking box, which Lelia had bought for him.

It contained a handsome rocking-horse, at sight of which the little one was wild with delight. There was a box of bracket saws and all the similar tools that Willie could possibly need in the manufacture of the frames and ornamental articles in which he delighted; and from the recesses of Lelia's traveling trunk came an enormous doll for Nellie.

Leaning her tired head back upon the pillows which her mother placed for her, Lelia sat and watched the little fellow, as he rode proudly upon his horse, and the others flitted about, joyous with their new possessions, and radiant in the happiness of their sister's presence.

ISADORE ROGERS.

(To be continued.)

CONTENT.

VIOLET, sweet violet!
Your little, nodding head
Is just the daintiest censer
That ever perfume shed.

Unselfish little flower!
You breathe yourself in air,
Content to exhale fragrance,
As please God, anywhere.

Robin, golden robin!
You sing your sweetest song
High in the beechen branches,
Far from the busy throng.
By happy chance, a wanderer,
As I, may hear thy lay;
Yet, happy little robin,
You sing your life away!

Marjory, sweet Marjory!
With tender, violet eyes,
Whose voice has caught the music
Of birds from eastern skies;
Robin and violet tell her
How sweetly life is spent,
In blossoming and singing,
Where God wills, in content.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

THE shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

DOLLY'S DELINQUENCIES.

"AND why should I not go?" I demand, A poutingly.
"Because it is not a fit piece for you to see, darling," answers my husband.

"I am the best judge of what is and what is not fit for me to see," I return, with dignity.

Will looks at me and stares and laughs.

"Are you? Upon what grounds do you put forward your claims for superiority of judgment?"

"Married women are always allowed more freedom of action than single girls," I rejoin, evasively, quoting from a speech once made to me by a disagreeable, married friend in reproof of some scatter-brained offense I had committed, and which I had defended by asserting that she had done the like deed herself.

"Single girls—married women! Ah, you dear little wife of nineteen years!" cries Will, attempting to kiss me; but I am offended, and turn away my head.

"I shall go!" I say, opposition only having increased my desire to witness the notorious piece now being performed at the variety theatre.

"No, dear, I am sure you will not when I tell you that I do not wish you to go."

"Indeed I shall, whatever your wishes may be!" is my mutinous reply.

"Dolly!"

"Will!"

I return his glance of reproving surprise with one of unabashed defiance, and then, with every appearance of composure, resume my work.

In and out of the canvas flies my needle. Will has shut up the book he was reading, and sits idly fingering the paper-cutter. He is the first to break the silence.

"You said just now, dear, that married women have more freedom of action than single ones. That is hardly correct; for, after marriage a woman has her husband's will and opinions to consult."

The lord-and-master style of this address is too much for me. I never could take kindly to control in any shape or form.

"Then I suppose you think a wife ought humbly to ask her husband's approval of every trifling word she utters and every trifling deed she performs?"

"No, I do not think anything of the sort; but I think that there are some matters upon which a man must necessarily be more able to form an opinion than a woman; and in these matters the wife ought certainly to submit her will to her husband's."

"Which, being interpreted, means that I ought to submit my will to yours, and ought not to go and see 'Fact and Fiction.'"

"Exactly!" says Will, with a sigh of relief,

evidently imagining the whole affair comfortably disposed of.

It is not though.

"Well, I don't agree with you at all; and I mean to go. You went."

"I know I did; and that is the very reason why I am anxious you should not. I saw and heard things that I do not think it right my wife should see and hear."

"Well, you formed your opinion from personal observation; and I shall form mine in the same way."

"Dolly, understand that I distinctly and decidedly forbid your going."

The only answer I make to this prohibition is a slight shrug of the shoulders as I bend nearer to the light in order that I may choose correctly between two approximate shades of green.

I do not know after all that am really so very anxious to witness this particular piece; but I do not like to be thwarted or contradicted. Accordingly, my husband's veto decides me. I shall go, please him or displease him.

It is as well, too, to let Will see that, though I am his wife, I have an individuality of my own. I have read and I have been told that husbands are too fond of reducing their wives to a state of colorless unquestioning obedience—of treating them, in fact, exactly as if they were creatures possessed of no brains, hopes or ideas of their own.

That state of blind subjection is not at all in accordance with my view of the marriage contract. It is all very fine to say that one will love, honor and obey one's husband. Love! Yes, I do love Will better than any one else in the whole world. And honor him I do, too—he is good, and true, and worthy of honor. But obey! That is altogether a different thing. He is only a man after all, and not so many years older than myself.

It is right, of course, to obey one's parents; but a husband—no, that is expecting too much. I cannot think why they want to put such an absurd clause into the service. I do not believe that, when women utter the word, they ever mean to carry out the spirit of the vow.

Yes, having duly considered the subject, I am rather glad than not that this cause of disagreement has arisen between us, as I can now assert myself, and show Will that it will be of no use ever to attempt to domineer over me, as I intend always to have my own way. Occasionally I may yield to him, but only when it suits me to do so. As a rule, I shall act upon my own judgment. I judged for myself when I married him. That is positive proof therefore that my judgment is good and sound; and so I shall tell him, if he ventures to dispute the fact. I shall ask Mrs. Upton to accompany me. I do not, particularly, care for her

—she is rather a flighty individual, especially for a widow; but there is not anybody else I should like to ask.

Mrs. Upton declares that she will be delighted to go. It is the very piece, she avers, that she has been longing to see. I propose Wednesday, as Will will be late home that evening; and fortunately Wednesday will suit her arrangements admirably.

Wednesday comes; and I feel exactly as though I were a conspirator meditating some heinous crime, plotting against the happiness of some one dear to me. I verily believe that were it not that I have settled everything with Mrs. Upton, I should relinquish all idea of going. Fortunately for my independence, I cannot, with grace, draw back. I am ashamed of my own foolishness—I really am. I can only excuse it on the ground that Will has been even more kind than usual, and yesterday brought me home a pair of earrings—such a pretty pair, and exactly the sort I have been wanting—dear fellow! But then, as I reflect, I am not a child to be bribed with new toys.

I have told Jane to inform her master that I have gone out and shall not return till late, and that he need not sit up for me.

The theatre is full; but we have very good seats in the dress circle. I do not enjoy myself a bit though. I am altogether uncomfortable because of the smiles and stares with which we are favored. I do wish Mrs. Upton's appearance was not quite so showy. I do not mean to say that she is vulgar in her manner or gaudy in her dress, but somehow she manages to make herself very noticeable. She is not particularly nice-looking, but her figure is good and her attire fashionable—perhaps too fashionable. Then she talks loudly, and has considerable animation of gesture. For these reasons combined I suppose she always manages to attract attention to her neighborhood. She does not seem to mind it in the least; but I do.

The piece is horrid, the acting is quite second-rate and the heat is abominable. I cannot imagine what Mrs. Upton can find to enjoy, but she says it is all charming; and certainly she looks radiant enough, while I feel as cross as possible.

I am thankful when it is over. I began to think it never would end, and the audience kept clapping and applauding. How terribly the public taste must be deteriorating!

I am dreadfully anxious to depart, but my companion is not inclined to hurry herself. There is a great crush at the doors, and we have some trouble in getting a cab. The crowd is so rough, too, and my head aches, and Mrs. Upton keeps saying such stupid things. As we drive along I resolve that I will never ask her to accompany me anywhere again. It is quite a relief to reach home, and so be rid of her.

I knock very gently, in order that Will may not

be disturbed; but my precaution is needless, as Will himself opens the door.

"Good-evening, dear," I say, gayly. "But you need not have sat up. I told Jane to wait for me."

"Jane informed me of the directions you had given her; but I told her that I should stay up for you, and that she could go to bed."

"Oh, if you preferred it so, it is all right then!" I return, nonchalantly, taking off my wraps and conscious of a coldness in my husband's tones.

Supper is on the table, but prepared only for one.

"Won't you have some, too?" I inquired, taking my seat.

"No, thank you. I am not hungry."

Neither am I. I have no appetite; but I force myself to eat some. I start a conversation once or twice; but Will, who is reading or pretending to read, gives such curt answers that I do not persevere in my efforts.

I push aside my empty plate and glass, and get up from my chair. Then Will rises, too, and comes to my side.

"Where have you been, Dolly?" he asks.

"To the theatre to see 'Fact and Fiction.'"

"By yourself?"

"No; Mrs. Upton went with me."

"Do you remember that I forbid your going?"

Really Will can look remarkably stern and severe when he chooses. However, I do not mean to be frightened.

"Yes, I remember perfectly well," I reply, calmly. "What of it?"

"And you went in direct opposition to my wishes?"

"Yes, dear; certainly I did. I told you I should."

He turns away without another word; and, though I have displayed a proper amount of dignity and spirit, I am very far from feeling elated.

—
I am utterly wretched—utterly, completely wretched. It is a fortnight since my visit to the theatre, and that fortnight has been, without exception, the most unhappy period of my life.

Will has never referred to the events of that evening. He has not uttered a single reproach. I wish he would, for then I could work up my anger in answering him, and feel better afterward. But no; he is as kind, polite and considerate as though we had never differed—only when he kisses me there is no warmth in the caress, and when he speaks to me there is an indefinable constraint in his tone.

I do not care, of course—he may be offended if he pleases; but it is so horrid to feel that there is something wrong between us. Perhaps he thinks I shall ask his pardon, and say I am sorry, and

"won't be naughty ever any more." That is what I used to do when I was a tiny mite, and had been punished for disobedience and wanted to be forgiven. But I am not a tiny mite now; I am a married woman, and I intend to keep up my dignity. I suppose we shall get right by and by, but it is dreary work meanwhile.

I feel in a particularly doleful mood this evening—why, I cannot say, unless it is that it has been raining all day and keeps on raining still. It is an unusually gloomy autumn, everybody declares, and I am quite willing to agree with everybody. It is gloomy out of doors and gloomy indoors, and Will is later than ever to-night. I wait dinner a long time, but he does not come; so I expect he has been detained late in the city. After dinner I sit and shiver, and indulge in tears and retrospection.

In the midst of my misery a postman's knock startles me, and Jane gives a further shock to my nerves by appearing with a telegraphic dispatch in her hand. Men in business regard telegrams as quite ordinary methods of communication, and suffer from no unpleasant emotion on receiving one; but we women, who are not accustomed to such rapid transmission of intelligence, generally experience a sinking of the heart at the sight of the orange-hued envelopes.

I glance at the direction—"Mrs. William Mitchell." Clearly it is intended for me. I open it with trembling forebodings. It is from Will.

"I shall not be home to-night. Mother is ill. Shall catch the express to Weatherhampton. Will write further particulars."

And I shall not see him to-night nor to-morrow, and most likely not the next day either. I cry in earnest now. By the last post the next day I have a letter. With what impatience I tear it open and run my eyes over the precious lines!

His mother is ill—very ill—and the illness is small-pox. Of course he says, "I shall not leave her till she is out of danger. I will write to you every day. I left all in order at the office, and have sent Simmons a paper of directions." He goes on to beg of me on no account to think of going to him, concludes that he is my affectionate husband, and finally adds a last exhortation to await at home his daily bulletins.

Whatever my fears and quailings may be, illness does not frighten me. Ordinary maladies have no terrors at all for me, and I am not even afraid of infectious fevers; but I must own to a decided dread of small-pox—it is so unsightly and loathsome a disease. Still, whatever risks my husband runs, those risks must be mine also. I will share danger as well as safety with him. He is quite right in his determination to remain with his mother. She is a widow, and he is her only child; therefore duty and love both demand his

presence at her bedside. And duty and love show me that my place is there also. I acted in opposition to his wishes before when pleasure was concerned. I have certainly resolution enough to repeat the offense for so very different an object.

I get a "Bradshaw" and puzzle out my route—when to start and where to change. It becomes clear to me, after a tremendous amount of consideration, that, if I leave D—at mid-day, I shall reach Weatherhampton early in the evening. This point settled, I feel more at ease, and retire to rest in sweet anticipation of soon meeting Will again.

On the following day I set my house in order for an absence of an indefinite length, and then start on my journey northward. I have the railway-carriage to myself most of the journey. An old gentleman who shares it with me for part of the way manages, during the forty minutes he is my fellow-traveler, to comment upon an astounding variety of subjects. I reply to him in monosyllables, having no inclination for conversation; but my feeble smiles fail to arrest his garrulity. He talks on and on, deserting one topic only to commence another, till the train stops at a junction, and I am relieved of his company.

Weatherhampton is a small place, pretty enough in summer, but indescribably dull in winter. Mrs. Mitchell's husband practiced there as a doctor; and since his death she has remained on in her old house, being attached to it because of its associations with her married life.

When I alight at the station, and have given the porter instructions as to the conveyance of my luggage, I ask him if he has heard lately how Mrs. Mitchell is.

"Very bad, ma'am," is his reply; and I turn away with a sad heart.

My mother-in-law has not shown herself particularly fond of me; she has been rather hard upon my youth and inexperience as a housekeeper. But then it must be a terrible trial for a mother to find herself relegated to the second place in the affections of the son whom she has almost idolized; and Mrs. Mitchell is a good woman, I am convinced, a really thoroughly good woman, and, above all, she is Will's mother—and what troubles him, grieves me also.

Ivy Lodge is a low, white house, with a veranda extending round two sides and a great deal of ivy climbing about it. I glance at the windows. They are raised, and the curtains are fluttering in the breeze, but, thank Heaven, the blinds are not drawn. The maid who opens the door to me has been in Mrs. Mitchell's service for many years. She lifts up her hands with an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Mercy on us! Whatever will Mister Will say?"

"Hush! How is she?"

"Just as bad as she can be," returns Charlotte, raising her apron to her eyes.

"Does not the doctor give any hope?"

"Hardly any, ma'am. Mister Will he has had two, and has sent for a third."

"Well, I will take off my things first, and then I will go to my husband. And, Charlotte, will you get me some tea? I am parched with thirst."

"To be sure I will, ma'am. You must be tired out with that long journey; and, if you're really come to help to nurse, it won't do to knock you up first start off."

She brings me presently a well-furnished tray, and, when I have eaten and drunk, I feel refreshed in body and strengthened in mind. Nevertheless I am undeniably nervous as I approach the sick-chamber. I do hope Will will not be vexed. But it is too late for scruples; so I push open the door and enter.

Yellow shades are hung before the casements, and for an instant or two the transition from light to semi-darkness bewilders me. Then I perceive the quiet figure on the bed, and beyond my husband sitting. The movement of my entrance attracts his attention. He looks toward me with a glance at first dubious and hesitating, but quickly changing to one of alarm. He rises and passes noiselessly round the foot of the bed.

"Why did you come?" he asks, hurriedly, agitatedly, but not angrily.

"You are here."

"Yes, my place is here—with her"—pointing to the bed.

"And mine also. You forget that when I became your wife I became her daughter also."

"But there is danger of infection."

"Not more for me than you. How could you imagine that I should stop in D— while you were here wearing yourself to death with anxiety? I couldn't. Why, you might be dying, and I should not know it! And—and, besides, I wanted to see you so badly! O Will, I have been so miserable lately! Won't you kiss, and make friends again?"

I did not mean to say it; I did not mean to make the first advance. But I cannot retract my words now, and I do not think I wish to do so either, for in another moment the peace I crave is mine.

Mrs. Mitchell's illness is a protracted one. She recovers in the end, but it is a veritable fight for life—a slow and weary ascending out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But in those days of pain and languor Will and I learn to understand each other more fully, to love each other more truly.

After all, I do take the disease, but very lightly, so lightly that it does not leave any disfigurement. Half a dozen marks I have certainly; but those Will calls "beauty spots," and he will persist in asserting that they add to instead of detracting from my good looks.

ONE OF GOD'S COMFORTERS.

AGNES REED opened her eyes with a strange, wondering sense of life whose antecedents were utterly swallowed up in the heavy cloud of sleep from which she was slowly emerging. There was a shimmer of sunshine through the mist of drapery at the open window, and the mingled odors of rose and catalpa wafting in on the breath of the soft, summer wind, seemed the incense of a joy that had burned to ashes, she knew not when nor how. The sweet harmony of bird-notes, dripping dreamily through the air, touched her like the echo of some forgotten melody, heard, perhaps, in a world with which she had nothing more to do. She was vaguely conscious of a dark sea of trouble rolling sullenly below the serene, still atmosphere where she drifted like aimless thistle-down without memory of the past, thought of the present, or care for the future. Whether moments or ages passed in this state, she could not have told; but suddenly, through the bird-strains rippling the divine stillness, the sobbing cry of a child broke desolately on her sense.

"I want—oh, I want Darley!"

Agnes Reed started up, clasping both hands involuntarily to her heart which shrank and shivered with a swift dart of pain. Like a piercing, scathing flash of lightning, the recollection of her loss shot back upon her slumbering soul, and she sank down again, stunned and powerless for the time, to struggle against the surging waves of that sea of woe from which she had been briefly upborne by the frail bark of sleep.

"Oh, I want Darley!" sounded again the wailing cry of a childish voice below her window.

Rising, wearily, from the bed on which she had cast herself in the abandonment of despair, after days and nights of fruitless hope, anxiety and watching, she tried to think for what good she should face again the scenes which could but revive the keenest anguish that she felt her heart could suffer.

There was no longer tossing, in the delirium of pain, the delicate young form over which she had hovered with prayer and ministration, until the overstrained faculties of body and mind had snapped with the cessation of hope and the stony denial of the life she had craved. The white, pulseless figure, lying so still and straight in the room beneath, had no more need of her; no more care for the touch of her caressing hand—the soothing influence of her voice. Oh, to hear even the wailing cry of distress which had pierced her with agony, but which had kept aglow the now quenched fire of hope in her heart! Overwhelmed with thought of the utter and eternal silence, that had fallen on the sweetest chord of music in her life, she settled back once more

among her pillows with a groan which had no assuaging balm of tears.

"Darley's mamma! Darley's mamma!" again called the grieved, childish voice from without.

Drawn irresistibly by the simple appeal, "Darley's mamma" arose, dressed herself hastily, and passing from her room, crept weakly down the stairs.

"Oh, I want to come in!" piped the plaintive voice; and following the sound, she opened the door leading out on the vine-wreathed porch of her cottage home.

A pathetic little figure sat upon the steps, clasping its bare knees, and swaying, dejectedly, back and forth, with tangled hair straggling in neglected beauty through the rents of Darley's old hat, and stockingless feet thrust bravely in Darley's old shoes.

"Oh! oh! I want to see Darley!" he choked, looking up at the tender-faced woman whom he knew only as Darley's mamma, and whom he never called by any other name. "Bad Nora say I can't come in! Bad Nora say Darley is dead," he added, with a passionate look of injury.

Mrs. Reed stepped out and sat down beside the little castaway, who had been a sort of *protégé* of Darley's—the recipient of his choicest, childish favors, and the play-fellow with whom he seemed to take the greatest pleasure and comfort.

"Don't Darley want me to come in?" he persisted, beseechingly.

"Nora told you about Darley, didn't she?" responded the poor mother, evasively, taking off the ragged hat and smoothing the boy's rumpled curls.

"Nora say Darley is dead," he repeated, blankly. "What is dead?"

The whole desolate, unutterable meaning of the word rushed over her at this simple questioning, and she dropped her head in a heart-rending burst of tears which, for the moment, held her oblivious to the wondering gaze of her small companion.

"Please, Darley's mamma, don't cry," he plead, in a startled way. "Deed, I'll be good."

And then he began to cry himself, in a most dreary, forlorn fashion, as though smitten with the loss of his last friend.

"Come in, Teddy," whispered Agnes Reed, softly, touched by the disconsolate wailing, and rising, she brushed away her own flowing rain of tears—the first she had shed—and led the way silently to the room where her boy was lying in that awful calm, the mystery of which is never explained with comfort to the grieving mourner.

The beautiful, marble face which she uncovered, with trembling hand, smote her afresh with the feeling of her irrevocable, irreconcilable loss, and forgetful of her awe-stricken observer, she sank upon her knees beside the unmoved slumberer, and prayed wildly, in the madness of her love and longing, for the miracle of restored life.

"I cannot give him up, I cannot give him up! God in Heaven, for the love of Thy dear Son who raised Lazarus from the dead, send back the lovely spirit of my boy!"

But the still, smiling, inscrutable face, with its unfathomable meaning, gave back no answering flush or thrill to her imploring cries.

Teddy, meantime, had crept, in a hushed, frightened way, to the other side of his silent comrade, and gazing, for a space, with wide, wondering eyes, ventured, at last, to lay his grimy hand on the marble-white cheek, in the shy expectation of breaking the dreadful spell of sleep which held his ever-active play-fellow so unconsciously late in the morning. The chilling touch, so unlike anything in his childish experience, made poor Teddy start and draw away with shuddering awe and horror, and after a moment of portentous stillness, he burst into a tempest of sobs that roused the mourner to her office of comforter, and brought the household in gentle rebuke and expostulation to the door.

"My dear Agnes, it is very wrong for you to give way to your sorrow like this," remonstrated a sister, who had never known the trial she now contemplated with such serene composure.

"Dear child, your boy is infinitely better off than he could ever be in this world of darkness and trouble," insisted the mother, with her sixty years' experience in the shady paths of life and her habitually mournful views of the "world."

"Au' didn't I tell ye, Teddy Jones, that ye couldn't come in here a worryin' of Darley's mamma?" solemnly protested Nora, the housemaid, seizing the wailing Teddy by the shoulder and marching him toward the outer door.

"Stay, Nora," commanded Mrs. Reed, who had risen at the interruption, and was making resolute effort to regain her usual dignity of manner. "I can dismiss Teddy when I wish."

"You should try to feel reconciled to this wise dispensation of God, which is doubtless for your good as well as for the child's. He is no doubt singing praises with innumerable companions of angels around the great white throne," counseled the comforters in the stereotyped phrase of consolation, as dead as ashes to the suffering heart.

"Pardon me, dear friends," said Agnes, humbly. "I believe I am too weak and grieved to think how I ought to feel. Let me go out alone, for a little while, in the garden, and perhaps I shall grow more composed."

And with a last pained look at the smiling mystery of the face whose meanings she could no longer read, she covered it with reverent hand, and moving away, hid her tear-stained face under the shadow of a sun-hat and passed out the side door with a beckoning glance at Teddy, who followed closely on her steps. There was something in the child's unconscious sympathy which

touched her more tenderly than the labored consolations of superior friends, and bridged some way the awful chasm that had opened between her and the life which she had felt was part and parcel of her own.

"What is the great white throne, Darley's mamma?" asked Teddy, as they traced the curving path through the flower-plot to the little playground beyond. "What is the great white throne?" he repeated with lisping accent, evidently deeply impressed by the lofty sound.

"I don't know, Teddy," responded Agnes, in an absent, discouraged tone. "I don't know."

"How can Darley be singing?" persisted the boy, with thought still dwelling on the solemn death-room echoes. "Isn't Darley awfully asleep?"

"It is Darley's beautiful body that is asleep, dear," answered Agnes, spurred to the office of instructor in the deepest secret of nature. "Darley's little soul—the real Darley that you love, Teddy—our Darley, is in Heaven."

Teddy's face brightened.

"Oh, I know: where there's flowers and birds, and summer, just like this, only beauti^rfuller," he exclaimed with quick, instinctive sense of the kind of place in which a boy might be happy.

They had reached the little play-house, where some of Darley's choicest treasures were stored, and about which his small garden implements were carelessly scattered. The heart of the mother quivered with another stab of grief, as she leaned against this tiny outpost of boyish pleasure, and hid her eyes from the mocking sight of toys so suggestive of the dear hands which would never touch them again.

"Oh, I know!" burst forth Teddy, from the absorbed study in which he seemed to be seeking light on this perplexing experience in his young life. "My mamma is in Heaven, too, and she will take care of Darley."

There was a peaceful, satisfied assurance in the soft, sighing conclusion of the boy, which was strangely comforting. Mrs. Reed caught her sobbing breath before the rising vision of a lovely, tender, brooding spirit, like Teddy's mother, who was passionately fond of children, and never so happy as when caring for their happiness.

"And," said Teddy, still intent on the beatitudes unfolding to view as he seated himself on Darley's small wheelbarrow, and took up with caressing touch the little garden-rake tossed forgotten beside it on the last day of Darley's imagined work, "and, sometimes, my mamma will bring Darley back here to play, just as he did, and—I shall come—"

A sigh of restful content parted Teddy's lips as he contemplated the prospect of renewed delights with his beloved play-fellow, who had acted always the generous part of a noble, magnanimous nature toward the poor child to whom fortune had denied

all gifts, but a lovely spirit shining out from a clear, ingenuous face.

A sudden idea flashed into the mind of Agnes Reed, fluttering like a bird caught in a darkened room and seeking some loop-hole of light. She looked at the boy with an intent, questioning gaze while he went on talking in his artless fashion of the Heaven where Darley had gone, and which he brought so wonderfully close to her consciousness that the gulf which had yawned so blackly between her and the dear one seemed all at once luminous with angel forms coming and going with messages of peace and love.

"We will keep them all just 'zactly as he did, won't we, Darley's mamma?" finally decided Teddy, rising and surveying the little house of treasures with admiring eyes.

The fluttering bird in the darkened room dashed out at the widening crevice of light with a tremulous burst of song.

"Would you like to come and live with me, Teddy?" asked the yearning mother-heart, softly.

The boy turned on her with wide, shining eyes.

"And have you take care of me as my mamma takes care of Darley? Yes!" he breathed, with profound satisfaction, sitting down upon the wheelbarrow again to take in the largeness and sweetness of the opening view into Paradise. "Darley always likes to have me here," he added, thoughtfully, continuing to speak of Darley in the delightful present tense which kept his life aglow in the mother-soul. "But," said he, after a long pause of reflection, with pathetic remembrance of the consuming necessity attending him, "I eat a great deal; granny says so."

"I like that," returned Agnes, with the glimmer of a smile ray through her tears.

"Eh?" queried Teddy, in mild surprise. "Granny don't."

Another period of thought, and another full, tremulous sigh, and then Teddy started up with definite purpose.

"Don't let's cry any more, Darley's mamma," he said, soothingly. "I'll run and tell granny, right away, that I'm going to be your boy, and bring my little ark that Darley gave me—shall I?"

"You may ask your grandmother to come and see me when she can, and she shall tell us whether you may stay with me," was the gently granted permission.

"Oh, I know she will let me come," confidently declared Teddy, kissing a fold of his friend's dress as he brushed past on his hopeful errand.

And his faith was fully and gladly justified by the poor woman who felt the care of her orphan grandchild a great incumbrance, and thought it simply a fair and excellent thing that charity should relieve her.

"I never shall understand how you could bring

"yourself to take this child," said an acquaintance, who had once sustained the loss from which Agnes was suffering.

"Indeed, I did not, and do not take the child in Darley's place," she answered, very positively. "He brings Darley closer to me, keeps his living, vital presence warm in my home, which he seems not to have left, so utterly, since Teddy is here."

"But I cannot conceive how you can endure to see the boy in Darley's clothes and using Darley's playthings," reproached Mrs. Marsh, with grieving lips. "Now I gathered all of Charlie's little possessions into a darkened room, solemnly consecrated to such use, and which no one save his father and myself ever enter. It is very sacred."

"But you always feel, when you open the door, that you are unsealing a grave and looking upon the dead," Mrs. Reed said, with a shudder.

"Ah, yes, yes—it is like the first hour of bereavement," Mrs. Marsh confessed, covering her face as though she feared, in fancy, to see her mouldering treasures.

"Now I would put nothing of Darley's out of sight, and many things that he loved are left in the familiar places where, coming in at any moment, he would expect to find them," said Agnes, softly. "And whatever I give is given with the feeling that Darley is present, and happy in the pleasure which the small tokens of remembrance bring to the little recipient. I hardly think I could have felt this way, however, if I had closed up my heart and refused entrance to Teddy, who opens the way to others like him. Truly, if there is a divine purpose in the removal of Darley from my care, it must be to transfer the thought and affection that I lavished on him to a wider circle of influence among the less favored of friends and fortune, and whom I should have remembered only to say, with careless pity, 'God help them, poor things!' But now, I feel such a yearning love and care for all motherless, homeless children, that I would gladly gather every soul of them in for Darley's sake."

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

AN Englishman traveling in the East, not being quite satisfied with the appearance of the mare he rode, asked his Arab servant if he was sure she got her allowance. "Oh, yes," he replied; "my countrymen often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses; but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated. I put seven or eight pebbles in with the barley, counting the number exactly. The mare never eats the pebbles; and if any one steals from the barley, he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning, I have hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they give up cheating her."

GHOST STORIES UNVEILED.

IT is undeniable that there are many sober-minded people, not in general disposed to be credulous or superstitious, who yet entertain firm conviction that they have come across the supernatural in some shape or other, and that under circumstances in which they had as little reason to doubt the evidence of their senses as in the most common occurrences of life. On more than one occasion we have given instances of ghost stories unveiled, with a view to allaying the fears of those who are in the habit of giving credence to what is termed the supernatural; and as we have reason to believe that our efforts have been attended by good results in various quarters, we present no apology for again taking up the subject. A well-known witty English divine once remarked that the best and most reasonable—because most convincing—way of combating the foolish fancy commonly known as a "belief in ghosts," is to make public all well-authenticated instances where such stories have been "unveiled." The following narratives, communicated by various contributors, may serve as further illustrations of the truth, that nothing of the apparently supernatural should be received which has not been submitted to the test of absolute demonstration.

One splendid afternoon of a glorious summer, I set out on a walk from Eythorne to Deal, a distance of some six miles. I took particular note as I went along—the route being entirely strange to me—of all the landmarks, such as churches, farmhouses, the bendings of the road, etc., thinking that I should probably have to make at least part of my return-walk after dark, though sure of a sufficiency of light if the moon were only shining. I reached Deal, and was beguiled by the beauty of the afternoon and evening to stay longer than I had intended. Sea and land lay bathed in the warm golden sunshine, the sky of the brightest blue, unflecked by a cloud, and the sea almost equally blue. I lingered by the shore, until the lengthening shadows began to warn me that I should find the night drawing on almost before I got far from the precincts of Deal. Hastening along, then, without any doubt of my way, and mounting the rising land at the back of the town, I found the moon was already shedding its light over the scene, and I looked forward to a delightful walk home; when suddenly a dense sea-fog rolled in from the bay, which soon enveloped the land, obscuring every object, and even obliterating the light of the moon, save for occasional rifts in the fog as it rolled rapidly inland. I soon became very doubtful of my way, as the notes I had carefully taken of landmarks were now useless. But I trudged along, knowing I was pursuing at least an onward course, till I emerged upon much

higher ground, and was thankful to find that the fog was losing its density and the moon recovering its light. Inquiring at a cottage where I saw a light in the bed-room, I found that I had come right, and should soon strike the high-road from Sandwich to Dover. After this the fog seemed to lift, the moon shone out brightly, a light haze only remaining over the lower-lying country, and I soon found myself comfortably nearing Eythorne.

The road into Eythorne from the Dover Road turns at right angles, and is straight and rather descending, so that during the day, or on a fine moonlight night, objects can be seen for a long distance. The moon had now risen considerably, and the whole country lay clearly revealed—the road to Eythorne, into which I had now turned, especially so, being chalky. I had not gone many paces when I saw, some distance on before me, a gigantic figure in white, apparently at least ten feet high. I could see too that it was moving, not toward me, but from me. I watched it narrowly for a few minutes, to satisfy myself that it was no momentary impression; but there assuredly it was, white, spectral, gigantic—and moving.

My first thought was to beat a retreat, take the Dover Road again, and return into Eythorne through Waldershare Park; but as this would have greatly lengthened the time at which I wished to be home, and as I had already proved the park at night to be a difficult route, and had had some unpleasant experiences therein, I made up my mind rapidly that there was nothing for it but to face the spectre, or whatever it might be, "for better, for worse." Now, I thought, is all my vaunted disbelief in the supernatural to be put to the test, and perhaps to be shaken down in some dreadfully unpleasant manner. I confess I felt many a qualm as the tall figure stalked on before me; but as I had now fully made up my mind to find out what it was, if I could, I quickened my pace, almost running under the excitement. As I neared and was evidently overtaking it, I noticed that it seemed rather to lessen in its proportion, and this continued as I got nearer and nearer. It was still, however, out of all human proportion; but at this point, as I more leisurely looked about me, I began to observe that the more familiar objects known to me, the cottages by the roadside, the park gates, etc., looked unusually large also, and as I passed them, resumed their natural size. This at once became a clew to me, and I determined not to lose the chance of unraveling the mystery of the white figure, still some distance before me. As I got rapidly near it, it as rapidly decreased in size, till at length—I must say much to my relief—I found it to be nothing more than a country girl in a light dress quietly pursuing her way homeward!

Thus, then, I discovered that the gigantic spectre of my walk was an effect due in some way to

the combined action of the moonbeams and the haze in magnifying all objects looked at, at a certain distance or angle, and in this resembling the mist spectres of the Brocken and other mountains.

Now, it is evident, if I had not been compelled to face and investigate the matter, I should have continued to believe to this day—despite my unwillingness to do so—that I had certainly seen a spectre upon such evidence of my own senses as I could not doubt. The occurrence has served me in good stead ever since, as a useful lesson, inducing me to pause in accepting apparently inexplicable phenomena without the most rigid investigation. —

I was passing the Christmas holidays a few years ago at a pretty village in the country, in the comfortable and well-appointed house of a medical gentleman, a near connection and great friend. One evening it happened that the family had all gone out to a Christmas junketing; and as I was left at home alone, I at once determined to retire to the snug little study—a very favorite resort of mine, for it was well filled with books. Like most old-fashioned country houses, the sitting-rooms were all on the ground-floor. The study had one window, the sill of which was about five feet from the gravel walk, which ran all along that side of the house, so that any one could readily have touched the window in passing.

Having requested the maid to light the lamp for me, I was just following her to the study, when I was somewhat surprised by the girl running back into the drawing-room in a state of great perturbation, and declaring that some one had knocked sharply four times at the study window; but that, on looking out, she saw no one right or left on the gravel walk; adding, that she was much frightened and quite put out in consequence. Thinking it some joke by a possible admirer, I merely smiled at the girl's agitation, and betook myself to the study for a comfortable read.

It was a bright, clear moonlight night now; but a heavy fall of snow during the afternoon had covered every field, road and path with its beautiful mantle of spotless white; and a sharp breeze was springing up which seemed likely to increase to a gale. I had been reading barely half an hour, when I was rather surprised to hear four or five sharp taps at the outside of the window, such as might have been given with the end of a stick. Jumping up, I instantly threw open the window and looked all around. Nothing was to be seen but the bright frosty moonlight and the clean white snow; and what I also noticed was that the snow under and near the window was perfectly smooth, untouched and untrodden; clearly indicating that neither man nor beast had passed that spot, or even near it.

I confess I felt completely puzzled; and not knowing exactly what to think, I sat down again

to read. I had not, however, got through a score of pages, when tap, tap, tap again carried me to the window, with exactly the same unsatisfactory result—nothing to be seen—nothing to be discovered. These tappings occurred three different times in the following hour and a half, and defied my utmost endeavors to find out the cause. I examined the window—which was surrounded outside by ivy and creeping plants—most carefully, but found nothing. I went outside to each end of the house, and again observed that the snow was still untrodden and untouched. I confess I was both surprised, puzzled and annoyed. Here was an undoubted mystery, a series of tappings, the cause of which I had, after close and careful investigation, totally failed to discover. It was a mystery certainly, and one which ought to be explained; but how?

In due time the family returned home; and after the ladies had retired, I took the doctor into the study and told him of my mysterious experiences. He laughed, and wagged his head incredulously; adding, with a merry twinkle of his keen, gray eye, that he hoped, as the night was so cold, I had taken a glass of grog, and had enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cozy arm-chair; mildly suggesting the possibility of my dreams running in the direction of supernatural sights and sounds; politely intimating, in fact, that I had been asleep and had dreamed the whole thing! This I at once refuted by reference to the maid, who proved a very willing witness indeed. The doctor seemed puzzled, sniffed sharply two or three times, took an enormous pinch of snuff, and then stood looking intently into the fire; when suddenly tap, tap, tap, tap, loud and sharp at the window, caused us both to run forward, throw it open, and look out; but, I need hardly say, with the usual result. I drew the doctor's special attention to the smooth, untrodden snow, and told him I had again and again examined the window and wall both inside and out, but without effect.

"Well, Jack, it is certainly very odd," said the doctor; "but as I am convinced the taps arise from some perfectly natural cause, I'll stop here till I find it out, if I should stay all night."

We discussed the probable causes—tricks, cats, birds pecking, etc., but abandoned our theories almost as soon as started, until our deliberations were cut short by the tapping being again renewed louder and sharper than ever. The doctor now nearly lost his temper, and throwing open both halves of the window (it was a French, not a sash window), fetched our overcoats and hats, and proposed to extinguish the lamp, and to sit down opposite the open window, and there carefully watch. This we accordingly both did, with an amount of patience and exemplary perseverance never, perhaps, before exhibited by the most determined ghost-hunters, until, in spite of the

blazing fire behind us, we were nearly half-frozen by the keen biting air and the wind, which had now increased to a complete gale. At length, temper and patience alike gave way, and as no taps or manifestations of any kind had occurred, vexed and annoyed beyond expression—for his open, honest nature hated mystery and incertitude of any kind—the doctor reluctantly closed the window, and had just slowly pulled down the blind, when the tapping was again heard as vigorously as ever.

"So, so!" cried the doctor; "one thing at least is clear—the taps, I find, are given at the *top* of the window. Run, Jack, and fetch the bull's-eye lantern—the wind is too high for a candle—whilst I get the steps."

Armed with the lantern, the doctor mounted the steps, and closely examined the whole top of the window both outside and in, but still could discover nothing. Much irritated, he was about to give up the search, when, as he projected his head through the open window, he was suddenly aware of two or three sharp taps on his forehead; and raising the bull's-eye, he then discovered a thick bit of stick hanging amongst, but concealed by a bunch of ivy leaves which drooped over the top of the window.

"Here's the ghost—here he is—I've caught him!" exclaimed the doctor, now in high glee; "but, to make doubly sure, let's give him another chance;" and closing the half of the window and still standing on the steps, lantern in hand, he waited for the next "manifestation." This, thanks to the high wind, followed almost immediately, in the usual form of four or five sharp taps on the glass; which the doctor now distinctly saw were produced by the action of the wind on the loose branch of ivy in which the piece of wood just mentioned was sticking.

So here was the whole mystery elucidated; and the reason why we had heard nothing during our long, cold watch was also readily explained—the window being open, there was simply nothing for the wood to strike against.

Pulling the wood out of the ivy, and throwing it down to me, the doctor said: "There, Jack, there's a real ghost for you; and one that might, but for our patience and determination, have caused this house to have been reported as 'haunted,' and made an object of horror and fear to the simple country folk round about. Depend upon it, if people would only master their foolish fears of the supernatural, and cease to believe in so-called 'ghost stories,' and boldly face the 'ghost' with the weapons of patience, reason and common sense, we should hear much oftener than we do of many such another 'ghost story—unveiled!'"

At a social gathering of friends one evening a

few years ago, the much-vexed question of supernatural appearances came under discussion. As might have been expected in these days of scientific experiment and inductive philosophy, the tone of the conversation was of a decidedly skeptical tinge. The lady of the house, anxious apparently that ghostly claims should be fairly represented, appealed to her sister-in-law, who had lived for several years in a haunted house, and begged her to say what the results of her experience had been.

"Our house," replied the sister, "was in a bleak and lonely situation; and many years before we entered its walls, some disagreeable associations had been woven into its history. In spite of these, the place did us no harm; though I am bound to say that during our sojourn in it we heard sounds which superstitiously inclined folks might have regarded with dread. Perhaps we were not a family likely to suffer from imaginative terrors, because we were more accustomed to examine an unwonted object than to run away from it, nor did we conclude that every phenomenon not clearly understood by us must be due to supernatural causes. Often at night we heard noises in uninhabited rooms, as if articles of furniture were being moved or dragged across the floor; but these we became used to, and assigned them to such simple causes as mice or possibly rats. But once I recollect that the clanking of a chain at midnight wakened me from a half-dreaming state to full consciousness.

"I thought I must have been mistaken, and went quietly to sleep again; but the next night at the same hour the noise was distinctly repeated. My sister, who slept in the same room, heard it also, and was as puzzled as myself. It recurred from that time so often that we became accustomed to it also, and were almost ceasing to speculate on its cause, when one day, standing in my own room in broad daylight, I heard the clanking noise loudly repeated. A thought struck me. I ran down-stairs, out of the hall door and through a garden-path to the stable-yard, whose wall formed an angle with our side of the house. As I looked into the stable, the horse shook his chain! This was the very noise we had heard so often—the same thing which had happened night after night, when the horse wakening out of his sleep, got up, shook himself and stamped in his stall, before composing himself for another nap. If I had not thus tracked the sound and verified it for myself, I could never have believed that it could have been so clearly heard through thick walls at such a distance."

"Ah!" said a clergyman, who had listened to this account with much amusement, "I am persuaded that if people would take the trouble of examining such mysterious occurrences, the number of 'authenticated ghost stories' on record

would be sensibly diminished. A curious circumstance happened to my father when he was a very young man. He lived at some distance from the dwelling of the girl who afterward became his wife and my mother. He had to work and wait for her for several years, and as for her sake he applied very closely to his business, they seldom met. But occasionally, after his day's work was over, he took a very long walk into the next county, to get a glimpse of her fair face, and perchance the treat of a quiet talk. On one of these rare occasions, he bethought himself of a short cut through a village church-yard. It was not very easy of access, for the gate was locked, and a brook of some depth swept round part of the outer wall; but he was young and active, and eager to gain time; so, after a somewhat stiff climb, he found himself within the limits of the consecrated ground.

"It was a clear moonlight night, and the tombstones stood around him in close and venerable array. Suddenly he saw something which made him start and pause. From beneath the shadow of the church wall, a tall, white figure glided stealthily out into the light. My father quietly retreated behind a tombstone and watched. The figure advanced; he scanned it carefully; and beneath the white robes fluttering in the night air, he beheld a very substantial pair of boots!

"Said he to himself, 'Do ghosts wear boots? I wonder who makes them;' and he decided on having a closer inspection of this mysterious church-yard apparition. The figure moved on; my father quietly followed, keeping well in the shadow of the tombstones. After some little time spent in this kind of dodging, the ghost advanced to a part of the wall overlooking the road and the stream, and took up its position on the top of it. In a second my father came behind, and with a strong and sudden push, tipped the unlucky ghost into the stream which rippled below. He heard a plunge and a shout, waited a few moments to see that the fellow had struggled safely to the other side, minus his white sheet, then turned and sped on his way, rejoicing at having hit on so novel and expeditious a method of 'laying a ghost'!"

"Years passed away. My father married the lady of his choice, and they shared the usual course of life's vicissitudes together. Long after her death, he took me to visit the scene of his early wooing and the home of her girlhood. On our way from the railway station we drove through a village from which a funeral procession was issuing in solemn pomp to the church-yard. As we returned, we stopped for an hour at the inn and ordered luncheon. Like most of his class, our host was chatty and communicative, and at once entered into conversation. 'Pleasant weather, gentlemen. We have had a large funeral here today; the largest known in these parts for many a

year. We all wished to show respect to our oldest inhabitant, William Dawkins. A very civil fellow was Bill. Many a story of the good old times he used to tell. And he had some queer adventures of his own, too, to talk about. You'll scarce credit me, gentlemen, but 'tis a fact that that man had seen a ghost.'

"A ghost?" exclaimed my father, whose natural skepticism on that subject had been long since strengthened by the incident I have related. "He dreamed of one, I suppose, or an extra glass of ale had gone to his head."

"Nothing of the kind, sir," replied the landlord, with great seriousness. "Bill not only saw a ghost, but felt it, and that pretty sharply, I can tell you. The way he fell in with it was this. Some of our lads had gone to a fair that was held a few miles away, and Bill wanted to frighten the young fellows on their way home; so he just climbed into the church-yard, wrapped a sheet about him, and waited about till he thought they were close at hand. He was standing on a bit of wall just above the road, when he heard a stealthy tread coming up behind him. He turned round quickly, and there was a dark figure at his back; but before he could move, it made one rush at him and knocked him clean over into the stream that runs below. The fall and the fright took away his breath; and between the terror and the wetting, he got such a scare that he never ventured near that church-yard again after nightfall. He said it was a dangerous thing to play at ghost, for no one knew how near the ghosts themselves might be, nor how angry with any one who dared to play pranks in haunted places."

"It was a strange story," we said; but our host thought it stranger still when my father related his share in the adventure. The coincidence was certainly a curious one, and affords a specimen of the kind of foundation on which many a popular and 'well-authenticated' ghost story may be built."—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE SUNFLOWER.—The sunflower—*Helianthus*—is a native of Peru and Mexico, where it is said to grow to the height of twenty feet or more. It was used in the ancient days by the Peruvians, who worshiped the sun, the god of day, the virgins who officiated in the temple of the sun being crowned with helianthuses made of pure gold, and also wearing them on their breasts and carrying them in their hands, which, reflecting the rays of the luminary by the brilliancy of the metal, created a grand and imposing effect. The Spaniards, who had been amazed and dazzled at the display of gold, were still more astonished when, in May, they saw the fields of the New World covered with these bright flowers, which they imagined at first sight were composed of the precious metal.

TWITTERS. A BIOGRAPHY.

TWITTERS had one talent, though she did not know it—a turn for making the best of things. Her profession (she was in the water-cress line) afforded abundant scope for the exercise of this faculty, and the bright face she carried round her beat often counted in the balance of her profits.

Her family, or parentage, were shrouded in mystery. There was a shadowy legend current in the court where she generally stayed, that her father had been a sailor and lost at sea. Twitter herself did not consider it a matter of sufficient importance for discussion. She was not quite alone in the world; she had one friend that, she was privately convinced, was more real satisfaction than several fathers and mothers. Those she had observed amongst her circle of acquaintance were anything but unmixed blessings to their offspring. Whilst she had Tubbs, she could dispense with the others very comfortably.

Tubbs was a dog: a dingy, one-eyed mongrel—not a handsome dog, by any means, except in his mistress's eyes. Neither was he remarkable for intelligence; but the two understood each other, and Twitter could converse more freely with him than with any of her own species. She had found him years before, a miserable, starving puppy, cowering amongst the sawdust in a corner of one of the dry docks, and taken him into her baby heart; and never since, in all their vicissitudes, had the pair been separated—even for a day.

She was not an educated person: she understood the value of copper coins very well indeed, and some silver ones, and the most judicious way of laying them out. In all other respects, her education could scarcely be said to have begun. The ragged-school had made one effort in that direction, but they did not admit dogs. Twitter thought the matter over to herself. Reading, writing and arithmetic were good things, doubtless; still, she could exist without them; she could not without Tubbs—so the ragged-school gave place.

Still, a certain degree of happiness is not incompatible with ignorance, and Twitter and Tubbs were very happy. Contentedly they trudged their rounds together—Tubbs's stumpy tail wagging joyfully at every sale. Together, on fine nights, they took their supper on the London dock wall, and watched the ships go up and down with the tide; or on cold, wet ones crouched together for warmth under the shelter of some doorway. There had been few drawbacks of that kind this particular summer. Week after week of bright sunshine, and uninterrupted prosperity instead; and the two Ishmaelites rejoiced in it with all their hearts, and put all thoughts of winter past or future, out of their minds.

Coming home one sunny September evening, with tired bodies and contented faces, they stopped to watch a big South American unloading.

"You see, Tubbs," explained his mistress, "that is cotton, and some of the bales are bu'st'd. Won't that be a chance for us to-night! Haven't we always the luck?"

She stood on tip-toe to look at a bigger one than the others that was appearing above the hatchway. Just as it swung over, the chain gave way suddenly, and the huge package came crashing down upon the exact spot where Tubbs had seated himself to watch the proceedings. It was the work of a second, and then the men hurried down and dragged it off. Tubbs was lying there, panting and quivering.

Twitters cried out at the sight—a great, passionate cry: "Oh, help him, somebody! Do something for him."

"It's no use," spoke up one of the men; "all the doctors in the country couldn't help him, poor little beast! He ought to be put out of his misery at once. It's cruel to keep him; let me take him."

"No one shall touch him," spoke Twitters, very quietly; "I'll do it myself."

And she did. They showed her how to bind up the little body securely in a piece of sail-cloth, and weight the corner, and then she gathered her little friend up to her face for one last minute, and dropped him over.

It seemed to her as if a long time had gone by, and she had grown old, when she turned away at last from the dark waters and went home. Home! It would never be home any more. He was only a dog, but something went out of her life that night, that no coming days would ever bring back.

There were not many in store for her. The winter dragged by wearily; the spring had gone out of everything. She never spoke of her lost treasure, and when the court children teased her about her dull face, she said she should be all right when the spring came. Perhaps she might have been, but on one of the bleak March mornings her foot slipped on a piece of ice at the dock gates, she fell right under the horses' feet, and there her professional career ended.

They took the little creature up with rough, kindly hands, and carried her to the nearest hospital.

All the afternoon she lay there, very still. Just at the edge of dusk, one of the nurses, who had noted the gray shadow creeping over the childish face, bent over the bed, and began "Our Father" softly. Twitters listened, with blank, unseeing eyes. It was something she had never heard of—did not understand. When it was over, she turned her face to the wall with a little murmur about Tubbs, and died. May God send His light to many a poor living Twitters.

JOCHEBED.

THE mother knelt beside the river's brink,
And gazed full long upon her sleeping boy,
The gift of God—pleasure at once and pain,
And wept that heartless man so pure a joy
Should mar with fear's unhallowed, base alloy.

The child was wondrous fair to look upon;
A goodly one e'en of that goodly race.
The grand nobility, the leader's mein—
Mingling all strangely with the infant's grace—
The royal mark of God upon his face.

She turned the little sleeper in his bed,
And to his lips her own she fondly pressed
With longing tenderness, unsatisfied;
And made the tiny head a softer rest,
Yearning to give it pillow on her breast.

"Sleep on, my beauteous one, my latest born,
And take thy rest," she murmured, soft and low;
"I can no longer shelter thee, my own;
That thy sweet life is doomed thou canst not know.
God of our fathers! heed Thy people's woe!"

"Tis harder now, my babe, to give thee up,
Since, while three blissful moons did wan and
wane,
My breast has felt thee, tender, soft and warm—
And shall it ever feel thee thus again?
Oh, that such joy should link with bitter pain!

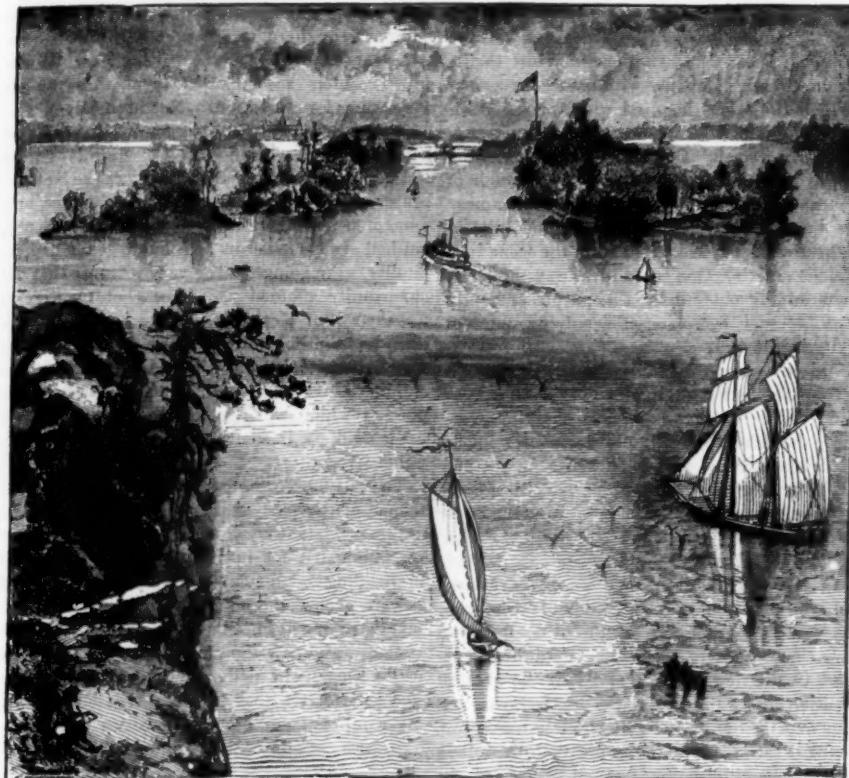
"The favored mothers of this godless land
May cherish theirs with free devotion warm;
And we, the chosen of the Lord, forbid
To rear for Him His sons, secure from harm.
Jehovah! for Thy people bare Thine arm!

"Arise and show Thy strength, and teach the proud
That thou art mighty. Make th' oppressors see
The power of the God of Abraham,
And let this child Thy chosen leader be,
To guide from hence Thine Israel blest and free."

Then strong in faith she rose and left him there—
Nor feared the tyrant king's avenging rod—
Safe in the hand that had deliverance sworn
Ere yet the alien soil His people trod;
The hand of Israel's covenant keeping God.

S. JENNIE JONES.

A YOUNG man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate existence until he reaches the middle term of life, and then repent and make a good, steady citizen, is deluded. He thinks that people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repents, everybody will forget that he was a dissipated fellow. This is not the case; people are apt to remember the bad deeds and forget the good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break off in middle life bad habits that have been formed in youth.



THE THOUSAND ISLES.

THIS famous group of islands is in the St. Lawrence River, between Lake Ontario and Brockville, extending for a distance of forty-eight miles. They are nearly eighteen hundred in number and are very rocky—clothed with dense woods. The isles are of every imaginable shape and size, some being only a few yards in extent, others covering acres. Constantly changing scenery, of the most charming description, is presented all along this part of the beautiful river.

DR. JOHNSON, giving advice to an intimate friend, said: "Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell *the truth*, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present emphatically exclaimed: "Nay, this is too much; for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." "Well, madam," replied the doctor, "and you ought to be *perpetually watching*. It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

WHAT OCTOBER BROUGHT US.

THE word October always calls up to the mind of an American a host of delightful images. Of the soft brilliancy of the sun in this delightful month, of the many tinted forests, of the golden haze on the hills and in the valleys, of the richness of its fruitage, of the sweet melancholy of the woods, poets have never tired of singing and artists of portraying. It is a season full of luscious images, of tropical wealth of color, of captivating pictorial beauty. The grape purples on the trellis, the yellow corn gapes through its russet husk, the golden pumpkin turns up its orange-tinted side to the sun, the buckwheat-blossoms in the field, the golden-rod on the hill and the yellow sunflower by the brook, as sung by Bryant, 'in autumn beauty stand,' while the scarlet maple and blue-dyed oak and the flaming sumac shed their brightness on 'upland glade and glen.' The brown nuts, too, are dropping in the forest, where the squirrels are busy gathering their store. The whistle of the quail is heard on the borders of the fields; the partridge is flitting through the tangled wild-wood; the rabbit peers from his burrow; the wild goose flies far over-

head on his southward journey; the wild duck reappears along the reedy water-courses; and the grouse 'drums' through the still day on the prairie. It is a season in which the heart thrills with an ecstatic sympathy with nature—a season in which life seems inspired with a new significance and exults with the mere fact of existence. You fairly 'smell' October. You inhale the ripe flavor of the blushing fruit, the rich odor of the ripened corn, while the soft Indian summery haze that half envelops the woods and hills in the dreamy distance seems to steep the scene in a delicious reverie. One could idle away the hours so charmingly out 'under the purple of Southern skies—such complete all-satisfying out-door felicity is just what—'

Here we stopped the extravagance that was coming from the little lady in an adjoining room, by saying: "Yes, we'll go; you may send this evening for the tickets, we will prepare a nice lunch, and Ida will come and keep house for us, and we will start to-morrow evening; but, Lily, don't plan too long a trip. Make it so we will not be away from home more than one week. Father may be lonely."

We traveled all night, and would have slept well, only for the noisy conversation of two women. One was from the far West, the other from the East. The Western woman detailed her experience in the new country, and said the greatest privation she had to endure the first two years was being deprived of material of which to make pies. She had "allers been used to pies" three times a day; and then, if she had been at work hard, she took a section of pie before going to bed at night. But a neighbor taught her how to make them out of ground cherries—a low-growing little viny plant, with greenish-yellow fruit about the size of marbles. The formula is forgotten, only that the tart flavor is imparted to the pies by "a little dust of vinegar." How glibly they did talk! And when the Eastern politely suggested to the Western that she must be tired, and perhaps she had better compose herself and try to sleep, the eager answer was, that she was wide awake and rested, for she had "slop all the night before."

About our usual breakfast-time we reached the city of Cincinnati, and as we were a party of excursionists we ate from our lunch-baskets. Here we met pleasant people, all intent on recreation; good-natured, cordial, kind, obliging, with all the suave manners that characterized the jostling multitude who met, shoulder to shoulder, at the great Centennial gathering of 1876.

Soon the train on the new Cincinnati Southern came steaming into the depot, and we were all aboard for Chattanooga, Tenn. A faint mist of softly-falling rain, scarce heavier than a summer dew, came down as we left "the Western city with a Roman name," and the "vine-decked river

winding round the hills." The cars were not crowded, but comfortably filled. Old officers and soldiers were there, men going back after seventeen years to look upon the battle-fields. Wives and daughters accompanied them. Journalists were going for recreation. Northern wives, who had been Southern girls, were going to visit the homes of their childhood. Consumptives were seeking a more congenial clime before the November winds came heralding the pitiless winter, and some of us, who had never seen the sunny South, but had always loved its broad and generous hospitality, were going for the very pleasure that the opportunity afforded us. How glad we were to feel the soil of Kentucky beneath us, and to look upon its beautiful rolling valleys, its miles of gray corn-fields, its homes with wide roofs, outside chimneys suggesting comfort within, and its long porches, which, as Lily said, made every dear old home look as if somebody's lovable old grandfather lived there.

The tall tobacco houses were new to us. A gentleman of the party—one who knew whereof he spoke—said that no wonder these structures rose up frequently, for in Kentucky the world-celebrated plug and fine-cut—the very daintiest known—were grown and manufactured in a scientific manner. We did not know this before, but right well did we know that in this State reigned the cattle kings, who delighted in raising the finest and handsomest stock known. We saw droves of beautiful cattle, and as we looked on their satiny skins, we thought of the poem of the "Drovers":

" Each stately beefe bespeaks the hand

That fed him unrepining;

The fatness of a goodly land

In each dun hide is shining.

" We've sought them where in warmest nooks

The freshest feed is growing,

By sweetest springs and clearest brooks

Through honeysuckle flowing."

And we thought of the great droves that were driven a-foot to the Eastern cattle-markets before the days of railroads—how the owner rode on his great leather saddle-bags, and the men and boys followed along, driving early and late to reach good stopping places, where choice grasses and mountain streamlets abound, and the verse that betokened late and perhaps wearisome driving came up to us that day as we looked out of the car-window upon the herds and contrasted the advantages of the present over the past:

" And now the day is closing cool,

The woods are dim before us,

The white fog of the wayside pool

Is creeping slowly o'er us;

The cricket to the frog's basoon

His shrillest time is keeping;

The sickle of yon setting moon

The meadow mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern-sign
Looks out upon us cheery."

We had hoped to see Kentucky, the land of fair women and chivalrous men, not in October for the first time, but in June, in the season when the billowy fields of its far-famed blue grass were waving in gentle swells, so delightful to the eyes of the beholder. Here, standing out alone, or in large groups or small ones, we saw the wild, free elms in their picturesquely beauty and magnificence. The outspread, swaying branches far-reaching and slowly waving in the air, made of these grand old monarchs the finest tree-pictures and tree-poems we ever beheld. We will never forget the great Kentucky elms in the regions of the lovely rolling lands of the blue grass. We could easily imagine the beauty of this land during the summer months, when its broad meadows were waving in billows and ripples, with the sheeny blue of distant waves so like unto water whose surface was swept by gentle winds. Some of our traveling companions, who had once been the favored occupants of old Kentucky homes, drew for us the delightful picture.

At Lexington, near the beautiful centre of the State, we were glad when the train stopped awhile, for we were on sacred ground, the birthplace of that excellent soldier and statesman, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge; the home and final resting-place of that honored statesman, Henry Clay, whom we Americans, democratic to the core, so delighted to call the "Mill Boy of the Slashes;" and it was hereabouts, too, where lived John Jay Crittenden, one of the most distinguished and beloved of Kentucky's sons, a member of the cabinet during the administration of President Fillmore. There was a respectful silence in the car while an old gentleman was telling his wife a pleasantly running reminiscence connected with his last meeting with the Demosthenes, who had so established himself in the hearts of the people—Henry Clay. He said Clay owed nothing to birth, nothing to education, nothing to outward circumstances or to the influence of friends. We did not know it before we heard the gentleman tell it, that at one time during Jackson's administration his rashness would have plunged the United States into a calamitous war with France, had not Henry Clay, in this extremity, used his utmost efforts and prevented the disaster. No more ardent and unselfish patriot ever lived than Henry Clay. He died on the 29th of June, 1852, beloved, lamented, honored by every son and daughter of America.

We had been reading "Morgan and his Men," and as the train dashed on over fine meadow land, wild-wood, through tunnels, and swept past the dark, overhanging branches that swung low and trembled in the quickened breezes, we looked out

and thought of the reckless, lawless riders led by Morgan, on his fleet-footed Black Bess, and half in a reverie and half dreaming, we seemed to see them, the bold horsemen, daring in deed and dash-in hot speed.

"Lo! presto through the glen
Is heard the midnight ride of Morgan's men;
They ford the rivers by the light of the stars,
The ringing hoofs sound through the mountain pass;
They draw not rein until their glad hurrahs
Are echoing through the land of the Blue Grass."

The enthusiasm of our party was delightful when the train slackened as we approached High Bridge, over the Kentucky River. What an immense structure! We cannot recall the dimensions, but we do remember that there is only one bridge in the known world higher than this one on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, and that is in Scotland, and the difference is small. We think the cost of our bridge was about \$500,000. The river beneath, above and below is placid, and its waters beautiful; its banks are green and broken by bluffs, and curves, and ferny gashes, and sedgy knolls, and breeze-wooing, hanging branches, underneath which lie inviting places, soft and turf-y, and cool enough to tempt travelers and tourists to tarry awhile and sketch perfect pictures for portfolios or for memory. It cannot be that those wild summer pictures of the Kentucky banks from High Bridge have never been transferred and carried away by artists for the joy of others.

There are twenty-five or twenty-seven tunnels on the line of this road, ranging in length from two hundred to four thousand feet. Where the surface of the country through which the road lies is billowy, rolling, there is considerable trestle-work, and the scenery is varied and charming. The tunnel through King's Mountain is four thousand feet in length, through hard limestone rocks. Men worked night and day from each side of the mountain and in either direction from two shafts. The great bore is fifteen and a half feet wide by twenty feet high, and has an ascending grade of forty feet to the mile. An old darkey sat husking corn on top of King's Mountain, his slouch hat flattened down on his wooly head, his red mouth ajar, throwing the yellow ears from the heap in his lap at the rate of one every three minutes. He was perhaps thinking of the commotion down in the cold, white heart of the mountain and of the tide of travel that flowed beneath, "down in yer groun'," making his resting-place to tremble as with an agony.

It is a rare sensation for a through-traveler on this road, by the combination of tunnel and bridge in the Cumberland River region; a delightful relief of being whisked out of a dark, smoky tunnel one thousand two hundred feet long on to a bridge

of the same length, at an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet above an expanse of the blue river and green valley.

The scenery on the Cumberland River was grand. We were reminded of the clear pen-picture of Scottish scenery, Glencoe, perhaps by William Leighton :

"Mountain-top o'er mountain rising,
Crag o'er crag and steep o'er steep;
Rugged scenes the heart surprising
With an awe profound and deep;
Mountain streamlet gliding onward
With a swift, unceasing flow,
Rushing, pouring, hurrying downward
To the rivulet below,
Which in mellow music surges
All its rocky channels through;
And along the mountain gorges
Frequent peeps of heavenly blue."

"There must have been a poet or a poetaster among the corps of engineers who laid out this new railroad, judging from the fanciful names of the stations."

Half asleep, we answered the little maiden beside us: "The president used to write poetry when he was a boy, and the superintendent of the road, too, was a newspaper man at one time."

"Well, they never named the stations," she re-

plied; "it was the chain-man, or the youth who sharpened and drove the stakes."

Pretty little stations they were, too, there in the wild-wood; some of them cute little white or gray boxes of houses, after the modern style, rustic enough to suit the most fastidious lover of rustic work; sometimes a tree made to do double duty, giving shade and shelter and heralding signs, and used for a trellis, a post, a clothes-line, a flag-staff, and a convenient corner-stone to mark the limits of a legal line, or shipped by the surveyor and jotted down in his book as *the jack oak, walnut, elm or cherry.*

Some of the names were suggestive—Science Hill, Norwood, Cedar Grove, Greenwood, Pine Knot, Oneida, Glen Mary, Sunbright, Kismet, Glen Alice. At the latter station, our party laughed heartily in unison, and from the same cause. One of the company told a story. The poet and novelist, the late N. P. Willis, called one of his first country-houses Glen Mary, for his young wife, whom he loved very dearly. A genial old farmer, in the same neighborhood, an admirer of the man who "writ for the papers," was pleased with the poet's fanciful conceit, and as evidence of his esteem and his pleasure, he could do no less than name his country-seat for his faithful old companion, a wife of forty years, "Glen Betsy."

PIPSY POTTS.

Religious Reading.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

LET us examine the words used to express this act; "Forgiveness," "Remission;" what do they essentially mean? The word our Lord used means to send away from. It is used to express the flight of an arrow from the bow; of the release of the soul from the body; to send forth an expedition; to let go, to loose, to free. These are its primary and physical meanings. When this action applies to man as a civil being, the word means to release, to set free from, as, to release a man from an obligation, to remit a fine, a civil penalty or debt. When it is used with reference to man's physical, moral and spiritual being, it has the same generic meaning, but modified to suit the nature of the natural law. Pain cannot be sent away from us as we can send an arrow from a bow, or as we can discharge a debt. It can only be removed by our release from the disease which caused it.

Forgiveness of sin, then, is releasing us from it; it is sending the sin away from us; it is curing us; restoring us to spiritual health; it is doing for us as spiritual beings what the watchmaker does for our watches when their movements become obstructed by foreign substances, or some of their parts are broken. The watch is made to move in accord with the motion of the heavenly bodies, just as man as a spiritual being was made

to act in perfect harmony with the flow of the Divine forces. It is the business of the watchmaker to remove the obstructions; to send away from the watch the defective parts, and put new ones in their place. He must forgive the watch for its sins or imperfections. We do not use the word forgive in this sense. We say repair. But the words mean nearly the same thing. The Lord must do for us precisely what the watchmaker must do for the watch; the defects must be removed, sent away.

All sickness is essentially some derangement of the delicate machinery of our physical organism. We go to a physician, and he sends away the disease from us; he removes the exciting cause of the disturbance, and restores places us back again, into the condition of health. He pardons us of our physical sin. We do not call his work pardon; we say he cures us, but the process is the same. Sin is a spiritual disease; we go to the Lord, and if we take His prescription and follow His directions, He will certainly cure us. He will heal all our diseases; He will remit, forgive, send away from us all our sins. He will remove the obstructions to the inflowing of His Divine life; He will regulate our affections by the immutable qualities of His own; He will form our thoughts according to the pattern of His own; He will guide our feet in the paths of His own perfect order. He forgives our weakness, our blindness, our im-

purities; that is, He sends them away from us by restoring us to spiritual order, and consequently to spiritual health. He replaces in our souls His lost image.

The forgiveness of sin, then, is the radical, constitutional, permanent cure of our spiritual diseases. The Lord is constantly engaged in this work. The Lord never relaxes from His purpose; He created man to bless him, by communicating His own life to him. If man steps out of the order which Divine wisdom has provided as the only way in which life can be communicated, the Lord tries to bring him back; if man presents obstructions to the reception of life, the Lord seeks to remove them; if man closes his eyes against the light, the Lord seeks in every way which His infinite wisdom can devise to open them, and to strengthen them to bear it. He relaxes no effort, and leaves no wise way untried to restore man to health and harmony with Himself.

The Lord bears no ill-will against us on account of our sins. While every principle in His nature is opposed to sin, it is in favor of the sinner. The Lord loves sinners. What would you think of a mother who was angry with her little daughter because she had the scarlet fever? Who would hide her face from her, or fill her sensitive and beautiful form with the burning shafts of pain; would parch her with heat, and torment her with burning thirst, and then forsake her and leave her to die? The universal voice of motherhood would exclaim, The woman who could do that, is a monster and no mother. How, then, can a Being of infinite love, compared with which a mother's love in purity, in intensity, in unchanging devotion, is not so much as a drop to the ocean, forsake His children when they are sick, tormented, dying? Can He hide His loving face from His sick and suffering child? Can He leave him, blind and deaf, to wander away into the pitfalls of sin, and sink down to death, without constant efforts to save him? Can He, the all-merciful one, withhold His help and inflict infernal torments upon His children because they have broken His law? It cannot be. Such a supposition is contrary to every principle of the Divine nature—to every quality of unselfish love.

Why, then, is He represented as being angry, turning away His face, withdrawing His life, as tormenting the sinner and punishing him with death? It is because man has attributed to the Lord the changes which have taken place in himself. Man has turned away from the Lord, and it seems to him as if the Lord had turned away from him. Man feels that he is not in harmony with the Lord, and he accuses the Lord of changing and turning against him. Man is tormented with pain, and he thinks the Lord has inflicted it. Man is dying because he has closed his heart against the Divine life, and he thinks the Lord is withholding it; and the Sacred Scriptures are written according to the appearances of truth, as they must have been, to be received at all.

No. All the change has been in man himself. All sin originates in man. All pain is caused by sin. The Lord does not withhold; man excludes. The Lord does not deny man any blessings; man rejects them. The Lord is the Good Shepherd who leaves the ninety-and-nine which are safe in the fold, and goes into the mountains after the stray lamb; and when He finds it He lays it upon

His shoulders and rejoices over it more than over the ninety-nine who had not wandered. He is the loving, tender-hearted father, who goes to meet the returning prodigal while he is far off, and calls for the best robe and the fatted calf. He is ever ready to forgive our sins. He is not only willing to forgive the vilest sinner that exists, but He is in the constant effort to do it. He leaves no means untried to effect it. If forgiveness was nothing more than the remission of an arbitrary penalty, infinite mercy would forgive every one. There is no bar—nothing wanting on the Lord's part to the immediate transfer of every sinner, and every devil in hell, to Heaven. The Lord does not stand off and come to reluctant terms with man. He is trying all the time to forgive, to put away from us forever all our sins, and He does it just so far as we will permit Him.

He imposes no arbitrary conditions for the removal of sin. He exacts nothing from man which is not absolutely essential to the performance of the effect. The principle is the same that is involved in the cure of our natural diseases. The Lord is always in the effort to cure our physical diseases. He has made ample provision for it. All that man has to do, is to shun the causes of disease, and to use the proper remedies. The Lord cures every disease that is cured. The physician only prescribes remedies. If a bone is broken, the surgeon can place the fractured parts in their proper places, and hold them there by proper ligatures, but he cannot make them knit. The Lord does that by the means which He has provided and stored up in the body itself. If you bruise your hand and abrade the skin, the Lord goes to work immediately to form a new one and to heal the wound. What we call the forces of nature, are the Lord's forces, and the means He uses to repair any damage, to forgive any physical sin we may be suffering from.

He does the same in all our spiritual diseases. He alone can forgive them. But He employs agencies; He uses means, and there is something for man to do. He must take the prescribed remedies, and refrain from the exciting causes of his spiritual disease. When he does this, the Lord forgives him. But He cannot do it at once, by a decree, as an executive can release a murderer from prison. He must respect the laws of man's nature. He must work through man's organization. The forgiveness of sin is, therefore, a slow, gradual and painful work. It involves vast spiritual forces; it consists in great organic changes. It is nothing less than the putting away the diseased, natural mind and the substitution of a new one.

The Lord is on our side, like a tender father or a wise physician. He is trying to forgive our sins. He is employing His infinite wisdom and skill in doing it. No mother ever watched over her sick and suffering child, and ministered to it with the assiduity and tenderness that the Lord watches over His sick and dying children and ministers to them. Let us try to think of Him as having a personal care for each one of us, and of employing His infinite resources to forgive our sins. He made us in His own image, and now that we have lost it, He is seeking to restore it. He stands before us and behind us, and enfolds us in the arms of His love. He restrains us from going farther astray. He endeavors to turn us away

from sin and death. He calls to us, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" And what He calls us to do, He gives us the power to do. He brings as much restraining pressure to bear upon us as we can sustain. He puts away, forgives impurity and cleanses the wounds which sin has made. He forgives a discord when He can, by bringing the organic form into harmony with His own life. He turns man's spiritual form into accord with His divine form. He forgives our infernal deformities, removing an ugly line here and a repulsive feature there, and replacing them with the beauty and sweetness of His own image. He lifts up the form bent to the earth with the weight of sin. He loosens the cords of iniquity by which we are drawn down to hell and replaces them by the attractions of His love, by which we are lifted up to Heaven. So, day by day, moment by moment, patiently, assiduously, tenderly, firmly, and with infinite skill, the Lord Jesus Christ is seeking to forgive all our transgressions, iniquities and sins; to cleanse us from all our impurities; to harmonize all the discordant elements in our natures; to remove all their infernal deformities, and to replace them by the purity, the strength, the harmony, the loveliness, the peace and blessedness of His own perfect life.

But man is not passive in the forgiveness of sin. If forgiveness consisted in the remission of an arbitrary penalty, from mercy, like that of a fine or imprisonment, it could be effected without any action on man's part. All that would be necessary, would be failure to execute the penalty and a pro-

clamation of pardon. But as sin is of the nature of disease, or of the derangement of the organic forms of man's spiritual nature, forgiveness consists in the removal of the disease and in the restoration of his spiritual nature to its normal condition and relations to the Lord. This cannot be effected without the action of the affections and thoughts. A natural disease cannot be cured unless the body acts. The surgeon may bind the parts of a fractured bone together, but they will not knit unless there is action in the bone itself. A wound will never heal unless there is action in the flesh. A dead body cannot be cured or forgiven of any sin. The same law holds universally in the spiritual body.

Therefore we find that the Lord always imposes conditions on which alone forgiveness can be obtained. These conditions are various in form, but they are all directed to the same end, and are essential to it. They are not in any respect arbitrary, and imposed because the Lord has a right to make such conditions as He pleases; but because in His infinite love and mercy He pleases to reveal to man the only way in which he can be forgiven. These conditions are *repentance, reformation, ceasing to do evil* and learning to do well. Belief in the Lord, acknowledgment and confession of sin, being washed in His blood, keeping His commandments which are laws of life, all imply a radical change in man's nature, and are the means of effecting it. They are the *re-generation and re-formation* of his whole being.

Mother's Department.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

THREE beautiful children made glad the home of a happy mother. Her love for them was intense, and her care never-failing. They were in her thoughts all the day long and in her dreams by night. The youngest of these children was a boy. He had large, deep blue eyes, and his long lashes, when he slept, lay upon his cheeks like the lashes of a woman. Something in his face ever awakened in the minds of those who gazed upon him thoughts of Heaven, and many said of him that he was but a stranger here, and would soon return to his own country. And such thoughts came, sometimes, to the happy mother, and then her heart trembled and grew faint.

At last, what had been feared, befell the child. The Angel of Death came and removed him from his earthly abode to his heavenly dwelling-place, and the stricken mother bowed her head and would not listen to the voice of consolation.

"God is good," were the words of one who sought to comfort her, "and He afflicts us in loving kindness."

"I will not believe it," replied the weeping mother. "It was not good to take from me my precious boy."

"He is with the angels—think of that. The great problem of his life is solved, and it is well with him. There is neither doubt, nor fear, nor

anxiety on his account; for he is safe in the everlasting habitations of our Father in Heaven."

The mother listened, and the consoler went on.

"No more grief, no more sorrow, no more pain! Think of that. Let not your thoughts hover with feeble wings about the dark and gloomy grave. He is not there. But, let them rise on swift and sunny pinions to the beautiful dwelling-place of the angels. His decaying body alone fills the grave; but his pure spirit, that gave life and beauty to its earthly tenement, has gone to his better home. Would you have him back again? Had you the power, with a word, to call him to earth, would you speak that word, now that he has escaped the long trial and suffering that comes to all who have to make the journey of life? No, I am sure you would not."

The tears of the mother ceased to flow, and she bent near to him who spoke and listened more intently. He went on:

"All children who die are raised up into Heaven, and received by angels, who love them with the utmost tenderness. Your dear boy, though he has already found a heavenly one. And you have not really lost him, for he is present in your thoughts, and you love him with even an intenser affection than before. To part with him is hard, for our natural feelings cling to those we love, and their removal brings exquisite pain. But our natural feelings

have in them the taint of selfishness, and it is needful that they should be elevated and purified; or, rather, that they should die, in order that spiritual affections may be born. And what are spiritual affections? The love of things good and true for their own sake. And such affections are not born unless natural affections are laid in the grave. The death of these affections is always accompanied with pain; but the birth of corresponding spiritual affections will be with joy. The deep sorrow you now feel, is a natural sorrow. Your heart is aching for its loss; and, even while reason and religion tell you that this removal from earth to Heaven is one of infinite blessedness to your boy, you mourn his loss and will not be comforted. But, it is for you to look up and feel an exquisite joy in the thought that you have added one to the company of God's angels. It may not be now; it cannot be now; for the smiting of your natural affections is too recent, and the waters of affliction must flow for a time. And, it is good that they should flow forth, in order that spiritual consolation may flow into your heart from Heaven. But, this influx of healing waters will depend on yourself. You must be willing to look up and to seek comfort from the only source whence it springs. You must be spiritually glad that your child has gone to Heaven—that is, glad for his sake, and for those who are made happier in Heaven by his presence. There is such a gladness—but it thrills in a region of the mind far above the place where natural affections move—and it is full of that interior delight which fills the hearts of angels."

Thus spoke the comforter, and his words found their way into the mother's heart. She did not make a response, but her thoughts were filled with new images; and, even in the bitterness of her sorrow, she tried to look away from her own loss and to think of all that her absent one had gained.

In the night following, as she lay sleeping on her pillow, which was wet with tears, a sweet dream, that was not all a dream, came to her. She saw before her a company of angels, surrounded by infants and little children—the latter dressed in white garments, with flowers blooming amid their clustering curls. They were in a garden, and the children were sporting with one another, and ever as they drew near or touched the flowers that were springing around them, each blossom glowed with a new and living beauty. Eagerly the mother looked for her precious boy, for she knew that he was in this company; and,

as she looked intently, one of the angels, who held a child by the hand, separated herself from the rest, and approached her. She knew her sweet one in an instant; and, oh! inexpressible delight! she knew the angel, also. It was her own mother! Her mother who had been taken to Heaven when she was only a child, but whose gentle, loving face, had ever remained pictured on her memory.

Oh! the exquisite joy of that moment. Her own mother was now the angel-mother of her beautiful boy. How sweet the smile that beamed upon her from eyes seen only in dreams for years! And, as her lost darling sprung into her arms and laid his head upon her bosom, a voice of exquisite melody, whose tones had come to her as if from afar off, many and many a time, since childhood, said: "Daughter, be comforted! He was too pure, too gentle, too frail for earth. Life would have been a scene of pain and suffering; he would have been sorely tried and tempted of evil, and, perchance, might have fallen by the way. Therefore, in mercy he was removed to this heavenly land where there is no evil to tempt, no pain to afflict, no grief to bow the stricken heart. Sorrow not for him, for all is well. He has been committed to my care, and I will love him with a tenderness made deeper for the love that is felt for you. A little while longer, and then you will be called home. I will keep your darling safe for you until that time."

An angel's kiss then warmed the mother's cheek, and she awoke. Heavenly light and heavenly music were in her chamber. Slowly the light faded, and the music grew fainter and more distant; not outwardly but inwardly distant; and, as she hearkened after it, bending her spirit toward Heaven, she still heard the sounds; and, even yet as she can hear them, when earthly grief is hushed and her mind is elevated into heavenly tranquility.

From that time, joy mingled with the mother's sorrow. She believed the dream. To her it was not fantastic, but a vision of things that were. She had treasure above, and her heart was there, also. Love's golden chain had extended its links and the last one was fastened in Heaven. Daily, hourly, momently, she missed the one who was away, and she longed again to hear the sound of his happy voice, and to look upon his beautiful face; but, she knew where he was, and that it was well with him; and she dried her eyes and patiently bore her affliction.—*Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field*, by T. S. Arthur.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

WORK FOR LITTLE HANDS.

"O H—dear!"
"My dear Bessie! What a terrible yawn!
What is the matter?"

"Oh! grandmamma, I am so tired! I've got nothing to do?"

"Nothing to do, my dear? Why, I thought you had a great deal too much to do sometimes."

"So I have, grandmamma—a great deal too much to do. Why, just listen to what I have done this morning. There was my music lesson, from

Mr. Strummer; my French, with Miss Crapaud; my Latin, and algebra, and history, and physiology—all one after another, till my head aches—and now, when I wanted to go out to get freshened up a little, this horrid rain hinders me, and I am too tired to do my physical geography or my German."

"Poor child! and all this cram fails to give you powers of self-amusement, and you are as weary of your own company as your little brother, who wants somebody to amuse him." Come here to me, and let us see if we cannot find something

which will be new to you. Do you ever do any sewing?"

"Oh! no. Miss Crammer says she had no time to teach such common things. She has passed first-class at Girton, and her time is too valuable for that."

"Well, perhaps, as I never had such an advantage, and my time may not be so valuable, it will not be so great a come-down if I teach you how you may rest your weary brain by a little manual labor, which will give pleasure to others, and therefore to yourself—for one of the safest ways to please one's self is to give pleasure to others."

"But, grandmamma, I don't know how to sew! When I was in the nursery, I used to play with my dolls and cobble up bits of stuff; but that is years ago, and I have not touched a needle since; besides, how can it give pleasure to others?"

"Did you ever read any of the stories of little children who are sick, or lying helpless and weary, whose only pleasure is to look at a prettily-dressed doll? How would it be if you were to try and dress a doll, and when you had done it, you and I would go to a pretty little hospital, which I visited the other day, and you should have the pleasure of giving it to a little child I saw there, who has been through a severe operation?"

"Oh! but, grandmamma, I should be so long at it; the child would be grown up into a woman before I had made all the clothes."

"Ah! true, I had forgotten. Well, then, suppose you were to make a little flannel nightingale. That is pretty work, and soon done; you might have some pretty pink flannel, and some white silk, and coral-slit it round, button-holeing the edge."

"What is a nightingale, grandmamma?"

"It is a very simply-folded piece of stuff, which falls into a shawl with armholes, and it is a most useful thing, either for a bedridden person or as a dressing-jacket."

"But I don't know how to do those stitches."

"Well, then, we will omit the button-hole edge, and merely bind it with silk binding."

"Well, if you would show me how to do it, I think I might manage that; but what good would it be when I had done it?"

"Did I not hear Miss Crammer saying on Monday how terribly she suffered last winter from cold, when she used to get up early to practice before breakfast? Suppose you made it for her?"

"Oh, yes! that would be very nice! But I cannot begin now, for I have no materials."

"Not flannel, nor silk, nor binding, it is true; but fetch me an old newspaper and we will cut out the pattern, and then we can calculate exactly how much of everything we want—clearing our ideas, and so enabling us to go definitely to work, and ask for what we want when we enter the shop, not go, as I once saw two neatly-dressed women do—walk up to the counter and look at each other. The shopman, of course, inquired their wants. 'Well,' said one, looking at him and then at her companion in an aimless way, 'I want a bit o' ribbin.' 'What kind, ma'am—bonnet or cap ribbin, sarsanet, or satin, or gauze?' 'Well, Mrs. Stubbs, and what do you think'll be best? You see, I want it for little Sally's Sunday hat to go to school with.' 'I'm sure I dunno what to say for

the best, Mrs. Thompson. Suppose you ask for some bonnet ribbin.' Just then your father called me, and the carriage was ready; so I never learned whether these women ever got their ribbon, after all."

"How tiresome! I hate anything that does not get finished and settled off; so we will begin and cut out and measure my nightingale at once, please grandmamma."

"Where are your scissors?"

"Oh! I have not got any."

"Dear me, we must alter that, too. I will lend you a pair for to-day; but we must set you up with tools, if you are going in for needle-work."

"What tools shall I want, grandmamma?"

"Cannot you guess some of them?"

"Well, first I must have a pair of scissors, to cut out with, and a thimble, and a needle or two. That is all, is it not?"

"And a pair of button-hole scissors, an inch tape, an emery cushion, a tape needle, some coarse and fine needles, and cottons to match, some darners, tapes and buttons, a neat little case to put them in, and a small basket or work-box to put all tidily in, according to the old maxim, 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'

"And when I have done the nightingale, what else can you think of for me? It will be quite a nice change from grammars and 'ologies to come and sit with you; and you must tell me stories—won't you?"

"If you really become such needle-woman, we must have some patterns prepared; and here your knowledge of drawing will come in most usefully, and save the trouble of having large quantities of paper patterns, which are cumbersome. Each pattern can be condensed into a very small and portable compass by reducing it by four, and drawing it to true scale on sectional paper. This will also bring your knowledge of arithmetic to account, and your skill and neatness of execution in drawing fine lines and measuring; and so you can have a pretty little portfolio of patterns and garments as well as your portfolio of drawing in chalks or crayons.

"You might also make yourself a pretty night-gown case, with your monogram designed on it, and worked in stitching, *piqué*, as the French call it. And if you dismissed the pretties, and sought only the merely useful, the number of things you could do, both for your own amusement and for the benefit of your friends and neighbors, is endless—little day bed-wrappers, or shirts for children in hospitals, aprons for the old women in many a missionary station both in England and abroad. And when you get old enough to visit among the poor, perhaps you may find in your knowledge of cutting out accurately a great boon to the poor wives and mothers, as another young girl I know does. Accuracy of measurement and economy of material will always be useful accomplishments; knowledge of materials is also a great help; so you see what a wide space of usefulness lies here before you."

"Thanks, grandmamma; I will try, if you will help me; and who knows how much you may do to help, too?"

Ah! young reader, who knows? Some day, perhaps, we may benefit in these pages by grandmamma's hints.

The Home Circle.

TIRED HEARTS.

TIRED hearts; how many such there are in this beautiful world which holds so much happiness for many others. Some are tired because the burdens which others ought to have borne, are shifted on to their shoulders, and their spirits sink under the too heavy care, while they have no encouragement in bearing its weight. Perhaps they struggle on alone for years, no one knowing the extent of the secret conflict, that is wearing life away. Some are tired, because those who long walked, hand in hand, with them, sharing their joys and trials, their daily interests and occupations, have been called away, and they are left with a feeling of desolation which no surroundings or companionship can entirely overcome. Memory continually recalls days of quiet happiness or hours of blissful gladness, when earth seemed too nearly Heaven to wish ever to leave it; and ever and anon comes back to mind some words of an old poem, read carelessly, long ago, but now stamped indelibly on the brain:

"The heart which like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on."

"As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door.
* * * * *
"Is there no help, no comfort—none?
No gleanings in the wide wheat-plains,
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on."

Again there are some who are tired at times of the falseness and hollowness of a life of fashion and frivolity; of wearing the mask of gaiety to hide a restless, unsatisfied heart which longs for something better, but feels powerless to gain it. They have eaten "husks for bread," and found that this will not appease the craving for more nourishing food. Yet they are not strong enough to break the chain which binds them with its galling fetters to custom and public opinion, and boldly face a world—their world—which would stare, with cold scorn upon them, for daring to free themselves from its rules and usages. So they go on with the hollow mockery, and drag out a miserable existence, with an outward show of complacency. False to themselves, to their better natures and to their Maker.

Other hearts are weary, because earthly happiness has proved only a deception to them. The flowers of hope and beauty which sprung into early bloom along their pathway, have been blighted by chill winds, or scorched by some fiery blast; and only the dried, withered leaves remain. Perhaps some great joy has more than once been seemingly within their reach, but stretching out a hand to grasp it, it has vanished. They see others around them crowned with such happiness, and think, "why could not this be for me also?" But their bright air castles always fall

around them just as they would cross the threshold, and at last they cease building and hoping, and the future seems to lie before them, a dreary waste which their feet shrink from treading.

"So tired, so tired, my heart and I."

There are others yet—oh, so many, we fear—who are heart-sick and discouraged with their constant failures in trying to live the life they aim to! With temptation without, and weakness within—with the daily trials which fret and wear, and make such sad rents in the fair fabric they are endeavoring to weave. They can bear great sorrows, bravely, submissively, and through them be brought nearer to the Divine hand, which upholds while it comforts; but the petty trials which seem small in themselves, yet are great in their continual effect, wear, and depress, and discourage, until sometimes they feel as if it were useless to struggle longer, and would gladly lay down, if possible, the life that is so hard to endure, even though conscious that this feeling may be cowardly. The cry of such a heart often is:

"Only to lift the turf unmown,
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubic space, and say, 'Behold,
Creep in poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on.'"

I do not think, however, that last line gives the true idea of what most of them long for. It is the peace and happiness of another, better life, which they crave in exchange for this, instead of the suggestion of oblivion or nothingness, which is there implied. At least we hope so. Yet to each and all of these tired ones, there is a message given, holding a promise rich and free. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." One translation renders it, "I will refresh you." Rest and refreshment—how full of joyful meaning those words are. As when a weary traveler sets himself awhile beside some shady wayside spring, and drinks of the cool water, and bathes his hot brow, until rested and refreshed, he is ready to start on his journey again with renewed strength. Christ is the fountain of living water. All who come to Him may receive it without measure; as much as they are able to receive. Freely given, "without money and without price." Nor does He keep to Himself alone the generous office of ministering to weary ones. He bids His disciples follow His example, and says, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in nowise lose his reward." How many there are, both among the high and the lowly, who are winning rich reward of this kind, though often unconscious of what they have done, or to whom.

"She little knows how many tired ones of earth have found comfort and help in her thoughts." This is what I read not long ago of one who leads an humble, retired life, which she considers of little worth, yet endeavors to use whatever opportunities or ability she has in cheering and helping

ing others. Probably she knows few of those who have been thus aided, by words scattered far and wide, yet should not such commendation encourage and stimulate any one to make further effort for good? Perhaps her own heart is often tired, and her steps falter on the way, and her eyes grow dim at times, gazing up the long vistas that stretch between her and the land of sweet promise and reward. But she rallies again, and through essaying to comfort and cheer others, perhaps grows stronger herself, or partially forgets her own sorrows. Such ones can usually draw nearer, and find their way more surely to the hearts of those who are passing through trial than any others. They who have not suffered themselves, cannot feel that true sympathy with the sorrowful, which is learned by going through the deep waters of affliction, no matter how kindly their thought for them may be. But similar trials create a fellowship of feeling, which often brings out the richest depths of one's nature.

"The heart's own Maker only knows—
He who each gift to us imparts—
What pity, mercy, light, good, flows
To men, from loving, wounded hearts."

LICHEN.

NEW OUT OF OLD.

DEAR "HOME CIRCLE:" Let me tell you about a piece of economy which, I think, you will consider quite as good as any of Pipsey's or Chatty's—or, at least, I hope so.

Uncle John came home one day last week, and found me sitting on the floor, surrounded by piles of old black silk, each pile composed of assorted pieces of various sizes and degrees of thinness.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Making carpet-rags?"

"No, indeed," I answered; "a dress."

"A dress! Pshaw! Out of that trash!"

The old gentleman was quite incredulous.

"You wait and see," I returned, confidently. "I'm going to make one new dress out of two old ones."

And now that I have done what I said I would, he is astonished, and all the household with him.

This is how I did it. I had an old hernani, which had worn gray. The waist never fit me right at all, but I had two full skirts with plenty of ruffles and a long train. Then I had an old black silk, which actually hung in ribbons and tatters. Anybody but myself would have thrown it into the rag bag bodily. As to the hernani, I nearly did so, at any rate. However, I thought better of it, and somewhat in fear and trembling I ripped it up and took it to the city and had it renovated by the crepe-waterproof process.

It turned out beautiful. It was a jet black, and looked like new. This cost me three dollars, while new material like it would have amounted to about fifteen. This, exclusive of linings, and sewing-silk, and cotton, was all the outlay I made; so that the entire dress cost less than four dollars.

I ripped apart the old silk, brushed it, turned it and pressed it with a warm iron. It was pretty thin, and in many places, full of holes. But I sewed pieces under all the worn spots, and patched it and darned it, until it reminded one of the old riddle,

"Patch upon patch and a hole in the middle."

But at last it became so solid and complete, that holding it up, I could not see the daylight through it. Next I took my black cambric lining, cut out the pattern of a short, round skirt, then laid upon each breadth a corresponding piece of the silk, and basted first the silk to the cambric, then the widths to each other, and had the foundation of a neat, black silk skirt. In just the same way, I started the waist. I must remark, however, that the body-lining was cambric, black on one side, white on the other, the black to be worn next the silk and hernani, the white next the underclothes.

I wanted, you understand, to get an entire new waist and a trimmed skirt out of the two old hernani skirts, and discard the old waist altogether; though, this last I did cut up for piecings and trimmings. I proceeded in this wise. I had plenty of ruffling and pieces of a convenient size to make more. So I sewed four pleated ruffles directly upon the silk, around the front and two side breadths. These covered the skirt in front and on the sides, more than half way up. Above them, covering the rest of the silk, I made a short panier, puffed up by being Shirred in front and on the sides, just in front of the back breadth.

The latter was made separately, and trimmed altogether differently from the other three breadths. When finished, it might be compared to a narrow length of four wide flounces. The lowest of these, however, was laid in wide box pleats. The other three were all gauged, lapping one over the other so that only the top one showed the shirrings. The highest one was set on about four inches below the belt, the space between being filled in with a broad, flat mass of French gathers. Of course, a plain piece of hernani was first laid upon the silk at the top and shirred in with it.

I had already several short pieces of handsome silk fringe left from other dresses. These put together, made a beautiful finish for the panier, extending around the front and sides, and falling gracefully upon the narrow ruffles. I had also some odds and ends of broad, black satin ribbon, which I looped together and made a pretty bow, to set on right in front where the panier was drawn up. This served for use as well as ornament, for it hid a little bare space where the silk showed, and covered the ends of the fringe, which did not quite meet.

The waist was a plain, neat basque. The bottom was untrimmed and worn under the skirt, with a wide belt. The neck and sleeves were simply finished with pleatings of the hernani and ruchings of real lace, which I already had. I was also possessed of crochet buttons, braid for binding the skirt and elastic webbings for the tie-back. I make it a point to save all such things, so I seldom have to buy new.

The completed dress was beautiful. I, myself, was surprised at the effect of it. No one would believe, if not expressly told, that it was old, "fixed-over" or home-made.

Before making it, I was advised not to put silk under hernani. "They don't do it now," my friends said; "they use chintz altogether." That may be; but I do not, and cannot like the idea. To my mind, hernani needs a certain lustre that only silk can give it. I will add that the multitudinous mendings to which I subjected my lining, do not show one particle through the

meshes. You see only that these last cover a rich, good silk.

"You'll find it too warm," they said, also, "with all those thicknesses." Not so, say I. I'll wear a thinner petticoat and underwaist, and make sure that my dress itself looks all right. And it does.

Didn't I do well?

FANNIE.

HOW TO TEACH THE LITTLE ONES.

NUMBER should be taught with objects, using acorns, pencils, grains of corn, tiny dolls, shells, or anything small you find convenient. The lessons may, however, be rendered doubly interesting to children by some little pains in the selection of these objects. Teach the child to combine numbers, as one doll and one doll are two dolls, then abstractly one and one are two. Proceed this way in combination of numbers with one up to ten. Illustrate with objects and teach that one doll from ten dolls leaves nine dolls; in this manner proceed until the child can subtract (readily) one from any number up to ten. While doing this teach the child to count to ten, and backwards from ten to one. The counting backwards helps in subtraction, and is good discipline for these first years in number.

Take next the combination with two up to ten, as, one doll and two dolls are three dolls, etc., up to eight dolls and two dolls are ten dolls. Next step, teach to subtract twos, using objects each time, until the pupil understands fully, then make the work abstract, care being taken to have this done gradually. At this stage mental problems may be given, as follows:

Teacher says—Take two, add one, add two, take away one, what is the answer?

Teacher—Take six, add two, take away one, add two, take away two, what is the answer?

Pupil to do the work as rapidly as possible.

Next step, take combination of three to ten, then subtracting threes. After this more problems can be given. In this way proceed with combinations of all figures to ten, making haste slowly at first. After this take next ten figures, and so continue to one hundred.

Another method, and one growing in favor, is that of exhausting each number before proceeding farther. Commencing with one, show ($\frac{1}{2}$ of 1) one-half of one by breaking pencil in half, one-third, one-fourth same way. Next take the number two. Teach that one and one are two, two minus one leaves one, two times one are two, two divided by two, or two into two goes once, one into two, twice. The latter may be illustrated thus:

I I (two ones; therefore one is contained in two, twice).

II (one two, therefore two is contained once in two).

Next step, take three. Teach that two and one are three, one from three leaves two, two from three leaves one, three times one are three, three into three once, two into three once and one over. The latter may be illustrated thus:

II I (one two and one over).

III (one three).

By illustration, this method can be used with surprising success, and pupils taught to multiply

and divide as readily and in connection with addition and subtraction. Objects and pencil illustrations cannot be too freely used at first. After the child has progressed some, a very pleasant feature is a little store of various small toys, or anything the mind suggests as pleasing to the child. With a box of toy-money and a few pennies you can play store with the children, and at the same time give them most useful lessons in making change. This is quite as applicable to the schoolroom as to the home circle. The children take a lively interest in their store, and are quite willing to return both money and toys when the lesson is over, as you tell them any other way would break our store up. If you would make a practical store indeed, let a few grains of coffee represent a pound, the same with various other articles in constant use at home, and teach the little ones to buy for you. Above all, teach the little ones to love the good and great. Pure ambition has for its guiding-star *the right*, and ennobles any soul. The following poem is worth remembering, and will, I hope, encourage some of the boys and girls of the "Home Circle" to work, faithfully at what seems the present duty, and step by step to build a life of usefulness.

"ONE, AND THEN ANOTHER."

"One step, and then another,
And the longest wall is ended;
One stitch, and then another,
And the longest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

"So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Has been patiently achieved.

"Then, do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You can never get through:
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"'Rome was not builded in a day,'
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere."

The lessons to be committed, the little errands to run, the many little acts of helpfulness to perform, common-place though they be, are all steps in this life. Teach the dear little ones to take each step cheerfully. Do this work well, and the future will be bright. Some mother with bright little Willie, only eight years old, may feel it so unjust, so hard that her boy cannot go to school, but must work, for there are younger ones to feed. Do not let Willie know of this battle in your heart. The very necessity he meets for work may be that

bright boy's saving angel. Plant first the love of truth and honorable principles in that soul, then show him, through the many noble examples we have, how truly

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time."

EXPERIENCE.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: I suppose you feel sometimes as though the greater part of all advice received commences with "Don't." In the ten commandments, you will notice that much the larger number are things "Thou shalt not" do.

In this letter, the burden of my advice is to be, don't allow yourselves to be irritable. Those of you who are so, "if any such there be," very likely will say: "I am so naturally; it is not my fault." I have heard that excuse given frequently with great complacency, and the additional remark uttered with pride: "I am right out; whatever comes up comes out; there is no deceit, no hypocrisy about me." And I have seen the whole possible peace and contentment of the family weakened by these very self-supposed candid and undecisive individuals. They deceive themselves if no one else, and the family has to be in perpetual dread of how everything is to be taken, and of the storm so sure to follow.

It is very like having a nice garden in which the good things of daily need are growing, but in which also there is a weed, that, unchecked, will increase and multiply until it overshadow the

whole. Yet, the owner says, the seed of this weed must have been there in the first place, so it must not be tampered with nor cut down.

We are not responsible for the propensities which are hereditary; we inherit them only as seeds of evil, which will grow if we give them the chance; but for their growth we are responsible.

In this habit of irritability, the inclination to ready anger is the first step, but it is a seed which will take deep and lasting root if we allow it to do so. There are innumerable little things that are constantly occurring to all of us; and if we let them worry us, we can find material for constant irritation. We can be angry with the weather when it fails to be just what we, at the moment, desire; with the fire that does not burn just right; with clothing that does not fit satisfactorily; with the machine that does not work properly; with every act done or left undone by those around us; the apparent causes are limitless, because the "shadow on the heart" shadows everything. And, after all, where is the use—it adds only to one's own discomfort, and adds also to the discomfort of others. One of these irritable persons is among the most unpleasant of all to live with; the perpetual drizzle of ill temper is utterly depressing and hopeless.

I will close as I commenced, with, don't allow yourselves to become irritable; or, having already contracted the habit, rest not in your labors to overcome it. There is certainly no use in fretting about what is inevitable; and when anything can be helped, take hold and help right it without fretting. Do not become perpetual wet blankets, and not even soft, woolly blankets at that, but thickly beset with thorns and thistles that shall pierce and sting all the unwary who shall venture too near.

AUNTIE.

Evenings with the Poets.

ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task,
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him, the plowing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain:
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his train.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of low cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous under-tow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;

The brushwood hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man, in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plow:
He sits beside each ingle nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost.

LONGFELLOW.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn to night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never a-weary!

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same—

Ceaseless, aspiring;
Ceaseless, content;
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Young Ladies' Department.

THE CARE OF THE VOICE.

A MEDICAL writer gives the following hints in regard to the voice: The organ from which the sound of the human voice proceeds is in reality a beautifully-formed, musical instrument, situated in the windpipe, about midway between the lower part of the chin and the top of the breastbone. It occupies that part of our anatomy commonly called "Adam's apple." By the lengthening or shortening of the chords therein, and the rising or falling of the organ itself, musical sounds are produced, and perhaps there are no sounds more sweet than those of a well-trained human voice. With that training I have nothing to do; that is your own or your teacher's business. I only speak as your "Medicus," when I tell you that a very indifferent voice may be rendered both sweet and powerful by proper care and culture. The health ought to be kept up to par when learning to sing or taking lessons. Straining the voice or striving at too high or too low a pitch, or trying to sing more loudly than nature seems to care to permit, is at all times dangerous; but it is especially so when from some cause or other the singer's health is not so good as usual; for in this case the heart itself may suffer so severely from strain that the effects of the accident—it can be called nothing else—may be felt for life.

Sweetness and expression are often nowadays sacrificed to mere loudness of tone. It is delightful to listen to a young girl singing, who seems to feel what she sings, who is both poet and musician in one. I love a song with a soul behind it; but when I'm compelled to listen to one who screams, I wonder to myself what wrong I've committed to deserve so great an infliction. Well, then, exercise

of the voice ought always to be in moderation. Sing all day if you like—be like the birds—this is really strengthening the voice, because it is gradual and continued, as all exercise not in excess must be to be beneficial.

I like young girls brought up hardy, and the neck should never be too much coddled by day or night. It ought usually to be bare, and thus the organ of voice is strengthened. Even out of doors it ought never to be covered unless in damp fogs, or when walking or driving against a wind which positively feels cold. For be it remembered that so long as one does not feel the wind cold, but rather enjoys it than otherwise, there is perfect safety.

Hoarseness is caused in several ways. It may be the result of a slight cold, in which case it is generally removed by retiring an hour or two earlier to bed, by taking four or five grains of Dover's powder at bedtime, wrapping a large, warm comforter round the neck, and taking a warm drink some half-hour after you are snug in bed. Hoarseness may be caused by straining the voice, by which means you for a time so stretch the vocal chords and paralyze their tiny nervelets that they become flaccid. The cure for this kind of hoarseness is—rest, and "don't do it again." But hoarseness is often the result of short attacks of debility, to which all girls are at times liable. They must then live a little better, take plenty of moderate exercise in the open air, and a little quinine wine, or, if the gums look pale, ten drops of tincture of iron in a little water three times a day. A little borax dissolved gradually in the mouth and swallowed; or a compressed tablet of chlorate of potash, either of which you may get at the shops, is useful as a remedy for hoarseness.

COMEDONES.

COMEDONES! I think I can see before me even now the puzzled looks of numbers of my fair young readers as they read the title of this little article. Comedones! what is it? or what are they? or whatever do they do? Had it been by any one else but by Medicus you might fancy it was the name of some nice little tale; but being by Medicus, "of course," you will say, "it must be something nasty and 'physick'."

Well, not to keep you any longer in suspense, the word "comedones" is the technical name of a little ailment concerning which some of you are always consulting me. It is an affection of the skin, principally of the face, which girls call "those nasty little tick things," or "small black specks."

"Well," you ask me, "and what are they? What will cure them? Answer me quick."

"No," I reply; "I refuse to be hurried, but you shall have the answer all the same. Listen."

You have all heard of the pores of the skin. They, as you know, secrete perspiration. But there are also in the skin numerous tiny outlets from glands, which secrete an oily lubricating substance, which keeps the skin pliant and soft. Like every other gland and organ in the body, these little bodies are subject to many different derangements, of which I shall not speak at present. Suffice it to say that one of them gives rise to the affection called comedones (from *comedo*, to eat up or devour). It is simply a hardening or drying up of the contents of the tubes of the glands. These latter are unable to force out the secretion, and so it distends the skin, and can be squeezed out.

"Why has it a black head?" you inquire. The black point is merely caused by the smoke or dust of the atmosphere. Sometimes it gives rise to pimples. The affection is most common among girls who live in towns, who do not take sufficient exercise to render the circulation in the skin duly active, or among girls who suffer from nervousness.

If the unpleasant-looking things are left long in and undisturbed, they get as hard as horns, and when they are finally squeezed out, they leave a little pit. I have known cases in which, from no other treatment having been adopted except that of simply pressing them out with the fingers or nails, the skin of the face came to assume quite a pitted surface all over.

As I have already told you, that these disfiguring specks are caused by an inactive state of the skin, you will readily perceive, then, that removing this state is the proper way to get rid of them. The morning soap bath to the whole body will greatly aid the cure, and plenty of friction should be used. Then to the face soap should be applied and well rubbed in twice or thrice a day, morning and night at all events; then, after drying it, rub well with a rough towel. Do not be afraid of spoiling your complexion. You will do quite the reverse—you will improve it, although there may be redness of the skin for a little time.

After this thorough washing and rubbing of the face, you may apply a little Eau de Cologne. Exercise must be taken in the open air, and plain, wholesome, non-stimulating food.

MEDICUS, in *Young Girl's Paper*.

Housekeepers' Department.

USEFUL HINTS.

AMMONIA.—Ammonia will remove finger-marks from paint, where there would otherwise have to be a good deal of scrubbing with soap, which takes the paint off, too. Ammonia is useful to wash all the brushes that are used in a household. Nothing will cleanse greasy sinks, pans or scrubbing-brushes so well. A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair-brushes beautifully white. Take care not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface; rinse them with clear, warm water, and put them in a sunny window to dry. A small bottle of ammonia is also useful for the wardrobe. Keep a little sponge with it, and, when woollen dresses are stained or soiled, they are easily cleaned by passing a little diluted ammonia over the spots. Fold a towel and place it under the spotted or soiled portion while you are cleaning the dress.

HOW TO KEEP BOUQUETS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.—There are many ways of preserving bouquets, some being pretty successful in keeping the flowers for a long time in all their beauty. Here is a new method we have recently met with; perhaps those of an experimental turn of mind will give it a trial. Sprinkle the bouquet lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing

soapsuds. Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will remain as fresh as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days. This method, it is said, will keep a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month.

TO CLEAN HAIR-BRUSHES.—Take two brushes, and sprinkle each with powdered borax; then rub well together. Then pour hot water over the bristles, keeping the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out, and dry, best in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

MILK.—Some persons are averse to milk, because they find it indigestible or makes them bilious. A frequent reason for such consequences is that milk is drank as if it were so much water. Where digestion is not strong, it only agrees when leisurely sipped, and bread eaten with it, or else cooked with suitable solids.

FOR GIVING A FINE GLOSS TO LINEN CUFFS, COLLARS, ETC.—Add a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap to a pint of starch.

TO CLEAN BLACK RIBBON.—Boil an old black kid glove in a pint of water, and let it cool sufficiently to be held in the hand without burning it. If the ribbon is very dirty, rinse it two or three times in clean water; then use the glove as a sponge, well washing the ribbon with the liquor in which the glove was boiled. Iron the ribbon when partly dry, placing paper over it instead of a cloth.

RECIPES.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-half of a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of ginger; do not mix very stiff; two teaspoonfuls of soda (dissolved in a little hot water); put this in last; bake in a quick oven in a square tin.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in just enough water to cover it. Boil one quart of milk with the tapioca in the morning; add a little more than half a teacup of

lump sugar, a pinch of salt, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; stir them in the milk, then remove it from the fire. Flavor to taste with lemon or vanilla; beat the three whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and drop them on the cream when cold.

Sponge Cake.—Four large eggs, two cups of flour, two cups of sugar; beat the two parts of the egg separate, the whites to a froth; then beat them together, stir in the flour, and, without delay, put it into the oven.

SCALDED BATTER PUDDING.—Four piled tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, a little salt, and rather less than a pint of milk. Mix salt with the flour, and when the milk is quite boiling pour it gradually over the flour, stirring it with a fork until it is sufficiently mixed. Set it to cool, and in the meanwhile whisk the eggs very thoroughly and stir them in to the other ingredients when these are just warm. Boil for an hour and a half in a well-buttered cloth, leaving room for the pudding to rise. It will be very light and delicate, a perfect pudding for an invalid; but in the preparation no spoon should be used, the mixing being done wholly with a fork.

Art at Home.

NOW that art needlework is a fashionable craze, materials for fancy work of some sort form part of every lady's outfit for the summer's holiday.

Most of the embroidery takes the form of home decoration—table-covers, lambrequins, mats, chair-backs, screens, panels, etc. The designs for embroidery show a decided change. There are fewer reeds and long stalks, while peacock feathers and the sorrowful-looking one-legged stork have given place to bright-hued flowers with humming birds and butterflies hovering over them. Wild roses, apple-blossoms and daisies still hold their own, but sunflowers have yielded favor to holyhocks, and lilies, and thistles, done in the new raised stitch, which makes each flower stand up in life-like relief from the cloth on which it is executed. Autumn leaves also form a favorite design, and are wonderfully effective in embroidery done partly in silk, partly in crewel and partly in beadwork.

Old-fashioned patch-work is revived, and very pretty cushions and table-covers are made of bits of silk, and velvet, and plush, carefully pieced together after the fashion of our grandmothers. A quaintly pretty table-cover is formed altogether of bits of silk cut into irregular shapes, overlapping each other, and every edge button-hole-stitched in silk, which contrasts effectively with the pieces it joins.

Outline embroidery on linen, so popular last year, is now even more so. The materials are inexpensive, the work is easy and the uses to which it may be applied are legion. Chair-backs, which is the correct name for the present form of tidy, are shown of linen, the size of a bath-towel, stamped with scenes from "Under the Window," "Mother Goose," or from some popular fairy tale.

Doylies of linen, or linen momie cloth, have for

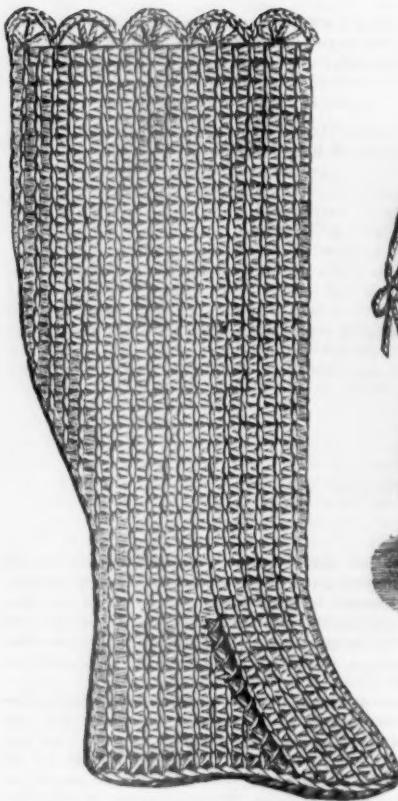
decoration the same quaint figures, or else a cup and saucer, a tea-kettle, a jug or vase, a spoon and fork crossed, or other easily wrought design. Table-mats, in the same material, oval in shape and prettily fringed, are to be ornamented with a vine or with a succession of figures done in outline stitch.

Bed-room sets, including mats for bureau, pin-cushion cover and splasher for the washstand, are decorated with Kate Greenaway figures. An appropriate design for the last-named article is the picture of the incorrigible children who would go rowing about in tubs. These are done in the simplest outline stitches in the Turkey red cotton that washes so well, or in the black filoselle (split), which is also warranted to wash; gay colors are used in the same way, but require great care to prevent fading. The patterns in pale blue or red are pretty on table-cloths for luncheons or for five-o'clock teas. Heavy linens for summer afghans for baby carriages also have outline work of this kind, with "Hush-a-by baby, upon the tree-top," and similar designs; the edges have drawn-work and fringe.

Side-board covers are done like scarf covers, with only the ends embroidered. Such covers are of cream-colored linen momie cloth, with fringing and drawn-work on the ends with embroidery in arabesque and more-que designs surmounting them. Inexpensive covers for small square or round tables are of cloth in olive, cardinal, etc., pinked on the edges and stamped with a border formed of successive single figures, or groups from "Under the Window." These also are done in the easy outline stitches in embroidery silk.

Knitting is once more in fashion, and coin-purses and silk stockings take the place of the common woolen sock of our grandmothers.

Fancy Needlework.



CROCHET-GAITER.

CROCHET-GAITER.—Four-thread Saxony wool, and bone twist crochet-hook.

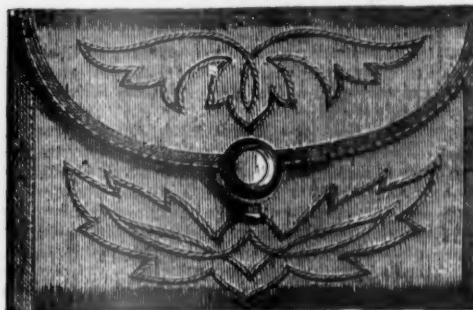


WORK-BASKET.

Make a chain of forty stitches, and work in the ordinary tricot for nineteen rows. Diminish one stitch at the beginning and end of each row for seventeen rows. The next seven rows are diminished by taking two stitches together at each end of the row.

Now work on the twelve middle stitches eight rows for the front of the foot. The next five rows are diminished one stitch at the ends of each row.

Take up the stitches on the right-hand side and work eight rows, increasing toward the front, one on each row. The other side is worked to correspond. These two sides form points and are joined to the front with a raised seam. The garter is then sewn up with wool, and the top finished with a narrow border of three chain—one double in the same stitch as last triple—two triples with one chain between, one chain, one double, three chain, join to garter, and repeat.

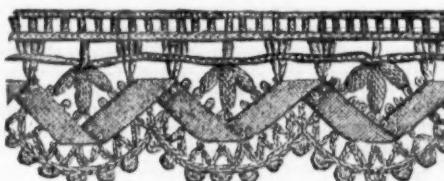


CARD-CASE OR LETTER-POCKET.

The garter is made flat in one piece, and joined behind the leg.

WORK-BASKET.—The foundation of this basket is of fancy straw, it is lined with olive cashmere and finished by a bag of the same material which is closed at the top. Joined to the basket and forming its trimming are lambrequin scallops in cross stitch upon Java canvas, in red silk. The canvas is lined with satinette of the same color, and edged with a fringe to match. Silk cord and tassels (olive green and cerise) are attached to the basket.

STRONG, SOFT CARD-CASE OR LETTER-POCKET.—This case is made of coarse écrue, oatmeal or Bretonne cloth. If intended for holding cards only, it must be cut double the width of the cards, with a sufficient length to turn over half way. A narrow band is sewn in down each side, and when lined, either with silk or thin kid, the edges are bound with a ribbon to match the embroidery, and the sides neatly sewn together. The embroidery is done with filoselle or silk braid. A steel button or clasp fastens the pocket. Both sides are embroidered.



TAPE AND CROCHET EDGING.

When the case is required to contain letters, the size must be increased accordingly.

The Temperance Cause.

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.

We have before us a pamphlet published by the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York, entitled, "Rescue the Children," embodying an address by Canon Farrar. In a direct, forcible manner, he makes a most earnest appeal on behalf of poor children who suffer as innocent victims to drunken parents. He shows clearly that appropriate legislation is needed to save to a nation its future citizens, instead of allowing them to fill hospitals, almshouses, prisons and drunkards' graves.

We present a few extracts:

"What I would say to every temperance reformer is, by all means let this cry ring in your ears, by God's help save the children, pity the children, rescue the children. If we look at this temperance question we must remember that in working for the children we are working for the future. The past is the past, with all its horrors it is past—the present, with all its miseries and its discouragements is the present. Here and there we may perhaps save a drunken man, and here and there, though still more rarely, we may by God's help save a drunken woman; but although we may save, here and there, one or more drunkard, experience shows that the confirmed drunkard will, as a general rule, remain a confirmed drunkard. But in working for the children you are working for the future; you are working in a region which is a region of hope. Do not be frightened from this effort to rescue the children by the talk of those who say that it is an injury to children to make them take the pledge. Those are persons who strain at the very tiniest and most microscopic of gnats, while they will daily swallow the most monstrous of camels. We have in England, it is said, six hundred thousand drunkards. Well, now, as these unhappy drunkards go too often prematurely to a drunkard's grave, who is it that fills up the gaps? The gaps are filled up by those who are now sweet and innocent children—merry and honest boys and girls. God grant that no sweet and innocent children of ours shall ever go to add to the number of that fearfully recruited army. But it is recruited by those who are now the innocent children, the boys and girls of somebody—of human beings who have hearts like ourselves. Let us struggle, therefore, to save them. The late Cardinal Wiseman

said, 'Give me the children of England and in twenty years England shall be Catholic.' I say, 'Give us the children of England, and in twenty years England shall not only be temperate, but shall be a nation of total abstainers.' Now I ask, is it really an injury to induce children to take the pledge, or is it an injury with heartless prejudice and callous obstinacy to leave them exposed and undefended to all the terrible temptations and enormous evils of drink? If we can save them from these, we may laugh to scorn the ridiculous notion that we do them any harm by inducing them to give up what they do not need, which they naturally do not like, and which can be nothing to them but a source of peril and ruin."

"I will tell you what it is to which children are exposed, and what it is from which we are trying to save them. In the first instance, they are exposed to the most shameful neglect. Go into the low quarters of Glasgow, the filthy back streets of Liverpool, the foul fever slums of almost any of our great cities, and there you will see bright-eyed, tattered, ill-fed children growing up amid the reek of gin and amidst scenes of blasphemy, in low, infamous rooms, and low, infamous streets, dirty, dissolute and depraved—the very seed-plot of our future criminals. You will see them grow up without any parental control whatever, and with only one prosperous place in the neighborhood—the public house. They are also exposed daily and weekly to accident. And they are not only exposed to accident, but also to terrible cruelty and absolute death. I believe that every single year in England, dozens, scores, even hundreds of children, are killed by being overlaid by their drunken parents. The accident wards of hospitals will tell you how frequently little boys and girls are brought in terribly burnt because they have been intrusted to drunken women, or neglected by drunken mothers. Something worse than all this is the congenital sickness to which helpless children are born—cancer, hip-disease, rickets and an inherited craving for liquor. Many and many a drunkard's child is deliberately trained up in habits of sin."

"Come to consider the question of hereditary craving for alcohol—the fierce and unnatural craving which to these children is a taint in the blood, and which necessarily produces one of two results—either they do not live, or else living they fall into the same destruction into which their parents have fallen, perpetuating year after year

the crime and misery of the world; or else they do grow up by a sleepless and heroic watchfulness and virtue to conquer temptation, showing, in the resolution which they exhibit, an amount of fortitude which would make a dozen ordinary saints, but still suffering so much from the tension of their effort that from the cradle almost to the grave their life is one continuous martyrdom."

"Pity the children, save the children, rescue the children! You pitied the factory children of England, you have rescued them by legislation. You pitied the poor chimney-sweeper boys, and rescued them by legislation. You pity even the dumb animals. You do not allow a horse to be overdriven. You do not allow so much as a cat to be tortured; and you are quite right. Lower still, you pity the very birds of the air and the fish of the sea. But I ask you: Are not the children of England as well worth protecting as the

fish of the sea and the birds of the air? Are these children so low in the scale of being that because they only suffer from drink with which we have this fatal familiarity and its awful consequences—is it because they only suffer from drink that you won't protect them, while you protect the innocent dumb creatures which live but for a few years? Save the children! Go home, and remember that these little children are of the same flesh and blood and the same hearts and nature, as full of eternity and immortality as those little children on whose rosy and innocent faces you look when you go to your abodes. Remember that you will be trying to help little children for whom Christ died—little children of whom He said that their angels behold the face of His Father in Heaven; little children of whom He said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

WHITE dresses are the most appropriate for summer. They are made with the short, round skirt, now so popular, even when of the most expensive materials, appropriately trimmed. A pretty dress of white or cream muslin's veiling has a basque finely tucked down the front and back, belted in with the same material. The part below the belt is sewn on separately, and is composed of a piece of wide pleating, resembling a boy's kilt skirt. The dress skirt is laid in box-pleats the whole length, flowing loosely at the hem, beneath which is a narrow pleating, or balayeuse. A dress of white cambric may be tucked around the front and side breadths, or trimmed with narrow ruffles or bands of embroidery; the back breadth hangs full, being made perfectly plain. The body is simply a pleated shirt waist, with a broad belt and wide sash, the ends of which are tucked or finished with embroidery. Cambric, chintz or gingham dresses are similarly made, the Shirred or pleated waists, broad belts, sashes and plain skirts recalling old pictures.

Handsome white dresses, of silk or satin, are trimmed with Spanish lace. Sometimes a silk or satin foundation is entirely covered with Spanish net, or the net is used as drapery.

In fact, Spanish lace, black, white and cream, is used in every way possible, for flounces, fichus, scarfs, hat trimmings, neck and sleeve trimmings and what not. Whole mantles of the lace are worn—white with heavy white dresses, black with black. The prettiest of these are broad scarfs, looped and draped about the figure according to the wearer's own taste. It is now the fancy to wear the black lace drapery high around the neck, without any white, or with merely a spray of natural flowers. In our last we alluded to black chenille mantles and capes. These divide favor with black Spanish lace.

Another pretty fashion is wearing the old-time little fichus, shawls and capes of China crêpe, bordered with netted fringe and silk embroidery.

These are white, black and pale yellow. Larger Canton crêpe shawls, of red, blue and cream shades, are used as light wraps.

Red is still the fashionable color, especially for bonnet-ribbons. The fancy continues for shaded red bonnet strings.

Flowers are worn in immense bouquets, thrust carelessly into the belt at the left side in front. Natural flowers, especially wild ones, are most used in this way. It is no unusual thing to meet an elegantly-dressed young lady so adorned with daisies and clovers.

Inexpensive laces, such as Languedoc, Bretonne and Mirecourt, are still used in abundance upon light costumes.

Yellow, undressed kid gloves are worn with white toilets. Also long white silk mits. White and colored thread gloves have three or four elastic, and sometimes lace wrists.

There is little change in hair, except that it is simple rather than elaborate. Perhaps more silver, gilt or jet ornaments are worn. Bangs and frizzies are said to be out of style, but actually worn as much as ever. A general fluffiness about the forehead is preferred to set waves or curls by some ladies. False waves or bangs are often worn during the summer, either under or over the wearer's own hair, if perspiration spoils her natural waves. In combing children's hair, it is now the practice to smooth back the side hair, leaving a straight fringe across the forehead, and tying the mass of hair loosely around the head instead of in a tight bunch in the back.

Bright ribbon, corresponding with the leading color in the costume, is often worn instead of black, on Oxford ties or slippers.

A sudden caprice is the use of skirts made of the gay striped cottons of which awnings for windows and doors are made. These serve to complete the dark blue, brown or green flannel suit that now forms a part of country outfits for summer, and are chosen in broad, even stripes of two or three colors, one of which is that of the flannel over-dress. Blue and gray stripes, each an inch and a half wide, make a very pretty effect.

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Notes and Comments.

Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.

THIS journal, which is published under the auspices of the "American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," and edited by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., is devoted to the "Medical Study of Inebriety, Alcoholism and Opium Mania." Few men in this or any other country have given the subject of inebriety, in all its forms, a closer or more intelligent investigation than Dr. Crothers. His standpoint is that of a physician, and he regards inebriety as a disease requiring intelligent medical treatment.

"The clinical history of a single case, when studied thoroughly," says Dr. Crothers, "will indicate more truths than all the '*calm views*' of Dr. Crosby or his opponents. We would urge the medical profession everywhere to examine this subject, clinically. From this stand-point only can we hope to comprehend the many causes of inebriety, and the complex conditions which favor its growth and development. All theories of treatment and prevention, not founded on such study, will be confused and impractical. The time has come for a new and wider examination of this entire subject; not a general review based on the theories and statistics of foreign observers, but special studies of inebriety as seen in this country, and influenced by our peculiar civilization. A recognition of this disorder and the evils which follow from it are causing a wide-spread alarm and agitation in the public mind. The indifference with which it was regarded in the past is giving way to inquiry and interest unknown before. Thus the necessities of the subject appearing in all classes, demand a knowledge of the laws which govern its origin and growth, above the conflict of opinion and the clash of theory."

We would call upon the advocates of temperance everywhere to give this journal a hearty welcome and a strong support. The causes of inebriety must be studied in all of their many aspects, physical, moral, social, constitutional and climatic—and a journal which does this with honesty and thoroughness, renders a service to the public which cannot be overvalued. Such a service is now offered to the American people in this ably-conducted periodical. Its introduction into our homes as an intelligent guide to a knowledge of the true relations that exist between alcohol and disease, both physical and mental, would enlighten thousands upon a subject of which, through prejudice or indifference, they are now profoundly ignorant. Its cost is but \$2.00 a year. If it were introduced into every family of growing-up young men in the country, and made a part of family reading and discussion, it would be the means of saving thousands from lives of drunkenness, disease and shame.

A specimen number will be sent for fifty cents. Address Dr. T. D. Crothers, Hartford, Conn.

OVER eight hundred species of insects have already been discovered in amber, and many more remain to be identified. They are nearly all extinct, but allied to modern tropical forms.

Hospital Pillow Mission.

NEW forms of Christian charity are continually presenting themselves. Here is a brief account of one, which we take from an English magazine of recent date. It cannot fail to interest our readers, and awaken in their hearts a living sympathy for the sick and suffering:

"It may be that many kindly readers do not know what the Hospital Pillow Mission is, and in as brief a space as possible we will give a few details concerning it. This admirable movement was initiated a few years ago at Brighton by the late Rev. Edward Elliott and his assistants were then bound to secrecy. These Christian workers were soon employed in folding, inclosing and addressing to local hospitals parcels of printed letters or Christmas cards, to be placed upon the pillows of the poor and suffering patients upon Christmas morning. What a beautiful idea this was, and how lovingly it has been carried out! Fancy the surprise and pleasure with which every poor patient welcomed the advent of the pretty card or affectionate address that had found its way—by means unknown to the sick one—to his pillow during the night. 'The angels,' they said, had been at work. 'The fairies!' cried the little ones, forgetting their suffering in the pleasure the letter gave them all. 'I shall never part with that letter,' said a poor woman many weeks after it had been received by her dying husband; 'my poor husband had it left on his pillow on Christmas morning. It was ever such a comfort to him, and he gave it me himself before he died, to be a comfort to me.'

"Since that small band at Brighton began this Christian work it has mightily increased. The intention to keep the distribution secret can no longer be carried out. The inmates of military and other hospitals eagerly desire the letters to be sent. From foreign countries comes the cry for help and comfort. 'I have had a letter, and it is so nice,' said one old woman; 'it told me about Jesus, and how kind He was, and that He would help me.' After some conversation she continued, 'My poor heart is often sad and weary, but such words make me happy.' We could multiply instances, and give a lengthy account of the comfort thus brought the sick and suffering, but we think we have now said enough on this occasion to interest our numerous readers in this most deserving and truly Christian effort. We can picture to ourselves the delight of the patients; we see it reflected in our children's faces when the postman brings the friendly Christmas card and welcome letter to our houses. How much more, then, are the card and letter welcome by the sick away from friends and home, telling them of mercy to help them in time of need, and of Him who is mighty to save."

SPECIAL attention is called to the advertisement of "Silver Jewelry" in this number. The jewelry is of the best quality, and the designs handsome. The name and monogram lace pins are very attractive. Mr. Lehman is thoroughly reliable, and any one ordering his goods are guaranteed satisfaction.

Publishers' Department.

COMPOUND OXYGEN NOT SPECIFIC TO ANY DISEASE, BUT UNIVERSAL IN ITS ACTION.

We cannot too strongly nor too repeatedly endeavor to impress upon the minds of those who are using, or think of using Compound Oxygen for any special disease, that it is no more a specific in one ailment than it is in another. If a patient has rheumatism, catarrh or consumption, Compound Oxygen will not limit its operation to the diseased nerve, muscle, membrane or organ, but reach every nerve, fibre, membrane and organ in the whole body; and wherever there is a diseased condition, and consequently an impaired or obstructed life-force, will set up a new and healthier action. Naturally, the result in many cases will be an improvement in minor ailments, and a new sense of vigor, strength and comfort throughout the whole body; and yet the more deep-seated and long-established disease, for the relief of which Compound Oxygen was sought, may show for a time little or no amelioration.

Every reader of the large number of reports of cases which we give to the public from time to time, will see how frequently this is the result. After a few weeks', or even months', use of our Treatment, a patient will write: "I have felt like a new person since using Compound Oxygen. No headache; splendid appetite; sleep soundly. But I can see little change in my catarrhal troubles." Or, "I feel quite discouraged. Cough still very troublesome and exhausting; though night-sweats are not so profuse. Have had no more of that strange feeling in my head, and my appetite is getting almost ravenous." Or, "Don't see that the Oxygen has made the least impression on my old enemy of twenty years' standing, which seems to be worse some days instead of better; and yet, somehow, I have a new sense of life. Can do many things about the house, and bear an amount of fatigue that would have put me in bed two months ago." The simple fact being, in these and all similar cases, that the whole system was responding to the life-forces which had received a new impulse.

A moment's reflection will make it plain to every one, that the disease which is most deeply-seated will usually be the hardest to reach; and that, under any treatment which, like Compound Oxygen, cures through the establishment of a healthy action in the whole body, it will often be among the last to yield.

Therefore, let the seeker of health through the agency of Compound Oxygen, think with reason on what we have said, and try to understand the line of action and the method of operation by which this new agent accomplishes its beneficent work. If the particular disease for which a cure has been sought shows but little if any improvement in the beginning, while other ailments give way and a new sense of life pervades the whole being, mind as well as body, there is occasion for gratitude and encouragement. The work of restoration has begun. It may not be as brief a work as the patient had hoped for; but it will surely go on if the treatment is persevered in, and the enemy most strongly intrenched be dislodged at last. A

physical system which has been running down for ten or twenty years, cannot be built up in a few weeks or a few months, but if a steady gain is apparent from week to week and from month to month, could the most despondent invalid have a brighter prospect before him?

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and cures in a wide range of chronic diseases, sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palet, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.—There are few houses in this country doing as much business as Messrs. Marchal & Smith (see their advertisement on another page) that can claim, as they do, that for twenty years they have not had one dissatisfied purchaser. This, too, after having sold many thousand instruments, is a remarkable and enviable record. Their advertisement of pianos is worth reading.

LADIES can save the annoyance and expense of visiting a chiropodist by using German Corn Remover. 25 cents.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE cures sunburn and prickly heat, and makes the skin soft and smooth. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

GENUINE GERMAN CORN REMOVER. Not a salve, ointment or plaster. It eradicates the corn by four applications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SILVER JEWELRY

I have in stock all the latest styles and novelties in sterling Silver Jewelry, which will be furnished at the lowest prices.

Lace Pins, . . . 50c. to . . . \$5.00 each.

Earrings, . . . 40c. " . . . 2.50 per pair.

Combs, . . . \$5.00 " . . . 7.50 each.

Rhine Stone Combs, . . . 10.00 "

" " **Lace Pins**, . . . 4.50 "

Bangle Bracelets, \$2.00 to 7.00 "

These goods are all guaranteed "Sterling Silver," and will be carefully selected and sent by mail, (registered letter) to any sending price and ten cents for registration fee.

In ordering, an idea of the style desired, may be indicated by the words, Plain, Medium or Fancy, together with the price wished to be paid. I will select, as my judgment dictates, and if not satisfactory, the article can be returned and the money will be refunded. I am also the only manufacturer in this country of the

NAME AND MONOGRAM LACE PINS, which are cut out of solid sterling silver, and have every appearance of letters set with diamonds.

Monogram, \$2.50 per letter.

Name, 1.25 "

Ten cents for registering package by mail.

JOHN A. LEHMAN,

109 S. 13th Street, Phila.

N. B.—Refer, by permission, to T. S. Arthur & Son.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth 25¢ free.

Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
1-10.

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lit'g. Cards, (No 2 alike,) Name
on, 10 cents. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.



Columbia Bicycle.



The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbias" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue with price-list and full information.

**THE POPE M'Y'g Co.,
553 Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.**

A KEY THAT
WILL WIND ANY WATCH
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 35 cts. Circulars
FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N.Y.

Dyspepsia's tortured victim,
Why cross the ocean tide
To drink the Seltzer water,
By Nature's fount supplied?
When at your bedside, science
Presents the self-same draught,
Ebullient as the Seltzer
From Nature's fountain quaffed.
In TARRANT'S COOL APERIENT,
You drink each healing thing
That God, the Great Physician,
Has cast into the Spring!
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

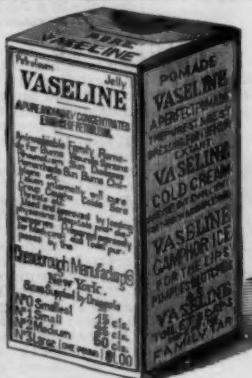
GRAEFENBERG

An infallible remedy for all **FEMALE COMPLAINTS**, price \$1.50 per bottle. **CURES WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS** and **GENERAL DEBILITY**. This remarkable preparation is the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of woman. Sold by Druggists.

GRAEFENBERG CO., 111 Chambers St., N.Y.

CATHOLICON.

\$55.66 Agents profit per week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500.00. Outfit and Samples, worth \$5.00, free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.



UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL CADDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities excel everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin clearer, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

POMADE VASELINE—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00.

VASELINE COLD CREAM—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., &c., &c. 25 AND 50 CENTS.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE—FOR PIMPLES, BLOTTCHES, &c. 25 CENTS.

VASELINE TOILET SOAP—EMOLlient, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAPS).

COLGATE & CO. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

Compound Oxygen.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

We give in detail the case of Mrs. Julia Barnes, of Carmel, N.Y., showing its progress along a period of over eight months, during which time she was using our Treatment, and the remarkable result that followed. Writing under date of October 18th, 1880, one month after receiving the Oxygen, she says:

"Four years ago I had Bronchitis. Did not recover for two or three months, and then I had lost my voice. Soon after, I had two more attacks of Bronchitis. Also had chronic inflammation of throat. When I sent for Compound Oxygen I had just had the worst attack I had ever had. Last year, every time I took cold, I had pain in lower part of lungs. The doctor said, this summer, that all the trouble was in lungs and air passages. The first time I inhaled, the pain left me, and I have not had it since. The inhalations made me feel so sore; expectoration had a bad taste. I never in my life took anything like the Oxygen."

A month later, November 23d, Mrs. Barnes writes:

"Health much better. Have always had dreadful headaches, which would last for four or five days. Since taking Compound Oxygen I haven't had even a pain in the head. Two weeks ago I took cold; I took Oxygen, and on Tuesday I was well enough to go out. Before, when I have taken cold, I have been sick for five or six weeks. When I began Compound Oxygen, my tongue was full of little white sores. They all left me some time ago."

December 18th she reports:

"Have good appetite and no headache. I have gained three pounds since I last wrote."

Next report, December 31st:

"Have taken another cold. The spot in lower part of left lung feels very sore, and I cough much, but have not felt so well for three years as I now do. Last month I was only sick one day. I look the picture of health."

March 7th, 1881, says:

"Cough is much better, but the sore spot in my left lung seems as bad as ever. Cannot use my left arm. I think Compound Oxygen is the most wonderful thing ever made."

April 16th, 1881:

"Have taken a dreadful cold. Previously I was getting along very well."

The next letter received from our patient we copy, with permission, entire:

"Carmel, N. Y., April 20th, 1881.

"DR. STARKEY:—My brother sends you a post-office order for a supply of Oxygen. We send for the Oxygen together; he has half, and I half. He thinks as much of it as I do. We are both going to keep Oxygen in the house always, instead of calling in a doctor; so you must keep us on your books as your patients. Now I must tell you about that sore spot. You know I wrote you that it kept growing worse and worse every week; at last it was so bad I could hardly move my left arm; the least thing seemed to jar it; and when I coughed, oh, dear, how it hurt! I could hardly touch my side. The very day I wrote you that last doleful letter about it, I coughed three times, and each time something broke from that spot. I jumped up saying, 'It is all gone—the sore spot!' You can think how glad and thankful I was—first to God, and then to Dr. Starkey? My cough left with the sore spot. My side was lame and weak for some time, but now is nearly as strong as the other. I caught cold about two weeks ago sleeping in a damp room; I was so frightened, I was afraid that spot would come back; but it did not."

"MRS. JULIA BARNES."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St., (Between Chestnut & Market) Phila., Pa.

Writing still later, May 21st, Mrs. Barnes says:

"I am getting stronger all the while. You can publish my letter. I would like to herald from the house-top what I think of Compound Oxygen and what it has done for me."

A RAPID DECLINE ARRESTED AND THE PATIENT RESTORED TO HEALTH.

The following testimonial from Mrs. Anna G. Fourquean, of San Marcos, Texas, came to us unsolicited. No stronger evidence could possibly be given of the curative value of Compound Oxygen. It is unequivocal in its statements. The lady's husband, from whom we have had several letters, in which he spoke of the wonderful restoration to health in the case of his wife, is a well-known and influential citizen of San Marcos, and will, at any time, corroborate the statements contained in the communication we give below.

"San Marcos, Texas, May 21st, 1881.

"DEAR DR. STARKEY & PALEN:—I cannot refrain from adding my testimonial, as to the merits of your Compound Oxygen, to the many which are being sent to you from all parts of the country. I can testify, not that your 'Treatment' benefited me, but that it cured me. My symptoms are indicated consumption. For seven or eight years I had been troubled, more or less, with deep oppression in the chest and pains through the lungs; slight colds would make me cough and spit up blood. In the Spring of 1878 a deep cold settled on my lungs; I had a dreadful cough, accompanied by daily fevers, sleepless nights, indigestion, loss of flesh and strength, mental depression and hemorrhages from the lungs. This state continued for eighteen months, notwithstanding I had the treatment of good physicians. By this time I had lost all vitality, spent most of the time in bed, coughed continually, raising a large quantity of deep yellow mucus, and after a little sleep in the latter part of the night, I would awaken drenched by night sweats, and so prostrated that I could not raise myself in bed until I had taken a little brandy."

"I began to lose hopes of life. My husband and my neighbors thought I could not possibly live. About this time your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' was brought to our notice. My husband immediately sent for it; I stopped the use of all medicines and began the 'Treatment.' I was too weak at first to take it for as long a time as two minutes; but gradually the inhalations increased in length and strength, and would leave such a delightful sense of relief to my lungs that I loved to inhale. My fevers grew lighter each day until I had none."

"Two weeks from the beginning of the treatment I began to feel like a new person; could take walks; found myself singing while at my work: Indeed I scarcely recognized my own self; my flesh increased, and I felt and looked younger."

"I used the 'Treatment' four months faithfully; after that irregularly for several months, and at the end of twelve months from the time I began it, I had no cough, no sign of lung disease: in other words, I WAS WELL."

"It is more than a year since I left off taking the Oxygen, and I have had no return of the disease. It is almost needless to say my heart is filled with gratitude to Drs. Starkey & Palen for their wonderful remedy. My neighbors think I am one ideal on the subject, and I wish I could get my one idea into the heads of all suffering from disease. Some people are slow to believe its merits, but it seems to me its very name should serve as a 'pass word.'

"Hoping this may influence some one likewise afflicted to use the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' I remain one among its strongest advocates."

"ANNA G. FOURQUEAN."